

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,557.—Vol. LX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 25, 1885.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



U. S. Grant, Jr. Mrs. U. S. Grant. Mrs. Sartoris. Col. Fred. Grant. Mrs. Fred. Grant and two children. Mrs. Jesse Grant and child. Jesse Grant.



*I will always be pleased to see him. But it is not worth while for him to pin himself any trouble to come up here expressly for that. I have such difficulty in speaking that I am no company.*

Fac simile of note written by Gen. Grant, June 30th.

NEW YORK.—GENERAL GRANT AND FAMILY AT MOUNT MCGREGOR.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST, AND PHOTOS. BY RECORD & EPIER.—SEE PAGE 366.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1885.

### AN EFFICIENT CIVIL SERVICE.

**A** SOMEWHAT general onslaught is now being made by Democratic journals on Civil Service Reform. Some Democratic members of the next Congress have already made known their intention to vote against an appropriation for the Civil Service Commission. The majority of the Democratic party are manifestly opposed to a system which keeps their associates from enjoying the honors and emoluments of office. They still adhere to the old doctrine that to the victors belong the offices. They have no faith in a reform that keeps their political adversaries in the public service.

The Civil Service problem is not easy of solution. Old World examples cannot well guide us, because we are living under widely different political institutions and are governed by different social influences and habits of thought. Our own national experience is not illuminating, because it has been too brief in the direction of practical reform to settle many of the controverted points. A few things are settled: we need greater permanency, greater stability in the civil branch of the public service. The wholesale removals upon the change of Presidents have been detrimental to the public interests. Efficiency and fidelity in the minor public offices should bring security of tenure to the faithful and efficient. Political influence should not keep in office the indolent and unworthy.

It is difficult to see how the radical Civil Service Reformers can logically object to placing the Civil Service under the same rules and regulations as the military and naval service. The rigid examinations in vogue in these branches of the Government service have wrought gratifying results. If the greatest degree of permanency, a life tenure, is wanted, it is through the military or naval service system that this end can best be reached. The Examining Boards in the Army and Navy are unquestionably superior in skill and experience to the existing Civil Service Boards, or the higher Civil Service Commission. Is there any logical reason why the three branches of the public service should not be placed on the same footing?

It is difficult to eliminate personal interests, human friendships and human affections from the affairs of Government. An ordinary man, who is advanced to power, cannot understand why his own good fortune cannot be shared by those through whose timely aid his own advancement was gained. A public office is prized in proportion to the power it gives to serve the great man's friends. Any rules which restrain the exhibition of gratitude and generosity are obnoxious to the generous dispenser of official favors. Grant was praised for taking good care of his friends; Hayes was censured for endeavoring to act in a judicial way in whatever he did. The majority of men want to give office and get office, whether small or great, in other ways than under rules which give their enemies and political opponents an equal chance with their friends.

The present point of attack on the Eatonian plan of reform in the public service is the competitive examination feature. Too much has been claimed for these educational tests of fitness. Expertness in solving arithmetical problems is not all that is desired. If Mr. Eaton claims that the men who have passed through his more or less imperfect examinations, are all qualified to hold office, and must be appointed to office without any further inquiry as to their moral character, manners, habits and physical fitness, he claims too much and what is clearly fallacious. The Civil Service examinations are at best aids and one of the means to assist in reaching a most desirable end. If properly conducted, they apply one of the many tests of fitness for public office. This educational test must be supplemented by the close scrutiny of the appointing power into the antecedents, habits, morals, and so forth of the candidate for official honors. The President and heads of the various Departments of the Government are still vested by the Constitution with the appointing power, which they cannot allow to be usurped by a subordinate board, however pure or pretensions. The efficiency and purity of the Civil Service will depend on the wise action of the high executive officers who are now administering the government, not on a temporary Board of recitation-room examiners.

### HOW IS THIS?

**W**E are no apologist for John Roach, the ship-builder. He is entitled to no more consideration than any other man. If he violates his contract with the Government, he must suffer for it. But if he builds according to both the spirit and letter of his contracts, he must have the benefit of it. If he carefully observes the law, and then if the Government, in the plenitude of its power, treats him like a law-breaker, he will be regarded as a victim of persecution.

Now, what are the facts? Two years ago Congress made an appropriation for several vessels, and directed

the Navy Department to furnish, prior to giving out the contract, "complete drawings and specifications thereof in all its parts." The Naval Advisory Board recommended that the dispatch vessel should have "a sea-speed of fifteen knots." According to this authority the Navy Department drew its plans for the dispatch-boat, engines, boilers and all, leaving the contractor nothing to do except to work according to the specifications. John Roach's bid was very much below that of any other builder, and he was given the contract; the Navy Department informing him that specific speed would not be exacted, as he was working under plans which he was not at liberty to alter, but that he would be held bound to supply good materials and workmanship.

Under these conditions Mr. Roach built the *Dolphin*, and offered her to the Government. Being examined, her materials and workmanship are declared to be up to the requirements. Being tested, she exceeds fifteen knots in a smooth sea. But Secretary Whitney intimates that he will reject the vessel. Fifteen knots in a smooth sea is not sufficient speed, he says, and Attorney-general Garland comes to his rescue with the decision that the contract with Mr. Roach, made by the Navy Department under Republican auspices "is null and void," because it did not require the builder to guarantee fifteen knots in a gale in a vessel which he had no hand in designing! Is this Democratic Administration really ready to place itself in such an attitude? Will the people approve such an instance of repudiation? We shall not now be surprised to hear that the crank who recently let off his sea-serpent balloon has sued for damages the carpenter and tailor who helped build it, and the gas company that filled it, because the vehicle of his own design did not work.

### NIAGARA FREE.

**N**EW YORK STATE has written an epic poem. She has paid a million and a half of dollars for the purpose of ridding Niagara Falls of the hucksters and extortionists whom private ownership has long fattened upon that romantic locality, and of preserving its beauty and making it free and accessible for ever to tourists. This is a very rare act. Picturesque scenery has little commercial value, and it is by no means surprising that, in the course of years, saw-mills and grist-mills and pulp-mills should have become fastened to this Samson of waterfalls, and that it should have been set to do the infinitely belittling drudgery which superfluous power is always called on to perform. During the last century Niagara has been defaced in a thousand ways, and it is to the high honor of New York that it has undertaken the work of restoration and protection. Such a great public service in behalf of mere sentiment, has rarely ever been attempted before in the history of the world. Nations and cities have laid out parks, but these have been primarily for sanitary ends. Wherever a great natural curiosity has appealed to the wonder of men, it has generally been protected as Niagara has—by plunderers who protected it for their own gain. At every turn in Europe the tourist is met with a demand for tolls—at all the cathedrals, at every famous waterfall, at all the overtopping peaks. Every glacier in the Alps takes tribute, and an Arab collects his tax from every tourist at the foot of the pyramids.

The new State reservation at Niagara Falls includes 118 acres of land, embracing all the islands and a large stretch of land, and under appraisal and condemnation it has been obtained for about one-fourth of what was demanded by the owners. Ten times the interest on the sum paid has every year been exacted from travelers. Now it will be a delightful change when access to all the grounds and to the Falls from every point of view can be had without the payment of any fee whatever. Restaurant privileges wherever needed on the reservation can easily be let for enough to pay the interest on the investment and the cost of care; and it will increase the solemn and elevating emotions of awe with which this unequalled shrine of pilgrimage will be regarded to be able to look at it without passing through a toll-gate of any sort. England has a toll-gate at Westminster Abbey and Shakespeare's birthplace; France at Napoleon's tomb; Italy at the crater of Vesuvius; let us set the world an example in patriotic generosity by opening to all sightseers, free of charge, this magnificent gorge through which Lake Erie discharges itself to the sea. With Niagara, Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite free to all, America presents to the world an unequalled trio of wonders.

### THE LONDON SCANDAL.

**T**HE revelations of social vice in London, recently made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, after thorough investigation, have created much excitement, and are now a chief topic of discussion throughout the civilized world. As to the wisdom of such revelations, opinions are very sharply divided between those who approve and those who condemn them, to say nothing of the class—as large, perhaps, as either of the others—who are doubtful which side they ought to take in the controversy.

It should be premised that these revelations are of the most revolting character, involving nothing less than the organized kidnapping and purchase of little girls—the children generally of the poor—to gratify the lust of wealthy and titled men. The details of this villainy must be left to the imagination of the reader. If there

were a way to break up such a system of iniquity without public exposure, every virtuous citizen would say let that way be pursued; but if not, then let exposure be made as the least of two evils. Such, at any rate, is our own decided conclusion. Such a traffic in the innocence of girlhood must not find its best protection in the popular dread of exposure and of giving an unwelcome shock to the sensibilities of the virtuous. The very horror excited by exposure may be the influence needed to arouse the people to a sense of their duty to suppress the evil. This would seem to be the judgment of at least a very large proportion of the best citizens of England, while the less scrupulous classes, and those, especially, who may be suspected of a secret sympathy with the offenders, are clamoring in behalf of the policy of silence in respect to this particular form of iniquity.

There have been threats of a legal prosecution of the *Gazette* for obscenity; but the titled debauchees are restrained by the fear that if legal proceedings were instituted their names would be brought before the public—a result which they are anxious above all things to avoid. The absurd law of libel prevailing in England is all that protects them now, and they are not likely to demolish with their own hands the barrier that shields them from utter infamy. The *Gazette* challenges them to prosecute, and would like nothing better than the opportunity for personal disclosures which such a suit would bring. Its proofs are said to be of such a kind as to leave no loophole of escape for the rogues.

The existing laws would seem to have been framed to make the way of transgressors easy, and one effect of the disclosures is seen in the proposals before Parliament for their amendment. It seems incredible that it should be a presumption of English law that a girl of thirteen is capable of making a legal choice of a vicious life. It is now proposed to raise the age at which that choice may be made from thirteen to eighteen, and to make other changes for the protection of unsuspecting innocence. Another result of the crusade is seen in the appointment of a Commission, composed of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, and Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., to make a thorough examination of the evidence collected by the *Gazette*, and to submit a report thereon to the public. The Commission will treat the information to be laid before it, so far as it involves particular persons, as confidential; but it will pronounce judgment upon the course of the *Gazette*, and submit such plans of remedy for existing evils as they may deem necessary and wise.

So far as we are able to judge from the facts now before us, it seems pretty certain that the Commission will commend the *Gazette* for its course, and make such a use of the disclosures as cannot fail to offer some check to the criminal practices which have brought disgrace upon our boasted civilization.

### THE WORLD MOVES.

**Q**UEEN VICTORIA'S long reign has been full of remarkable events, but the most significant are two facts which show the silent progress which has been made by liberal and tolerant ideas. The present generation has witnessed the strange spectacle of a Jew being twice Prime Minister of the British Empire—perhaps the highest position any man not born in the purple can attain, and the last few days have seen a Jew become a member of the proudest and most exclusive assemblage in the world—the British House of Lords—he being also the first Jew that ever became a Peer of England.

Many now living will remember the strenuous opposition made to the admission of a Jew to the House of Commons. It was only after a determined struggle of many years, that Lionel Rothschild, the father of the present peer, was allowed to take his seat as one of the four members for the City of London, and then only after being persistently elected over and over by the constituency of the chief city of the British Empire. In the debate on the subject one of the great leaders of British opinion, Sir Robert Inglis, adduced as a clinching argument against the admission of a Jew to the Lower House that, in the course of time they might be so emboldened as to demand a seat in the House of Peers, "which," said Sir Robert Inglis, "would totally destroy the British nation as a *Christian Power*." But this was considered by Lord John Russell, one of the most prominent advocates for the Jews, to be too absurd to deserve even a contradiction. The present triumph of enlightenment over bigotry appears all the more decisive in the light of an incident which reveals so strikingly the old-time prejudices of the British people.

It is not Mr. Gladstone, however, to whom belongs the credit of preparing the way for this signal triumph which has been completed in his day. That credit, rather, belongs to Benjamin Disraeli, the great Premier of England. The possibility of the admission of a Jew to the Peerage was the dream of Disraeli from his early manhood. He never abandoned that idea, but shaped his whole career with reference to its consummation. The writer of these lines had it on the authority of Samuel Rogers, "the bard, the bean, the banker," and who was the means of making Disraeli a proselyte to the Christian faith when the ambitious visionary was only fourteen years old, that when young Disraeli proposed to his cousin, Rachel Daniels, who rejected him on account of his slender fortune, which then consisted of the allowance,



made by his father, Isaac Disraeli, the famous author, the rejected suitor said that Miss Daniels "was a very short-sighted girl, for she had thrown away her chance of being an English countess," which she would certainly have been had she married the man who afterwards became Earl of Beaconsfield! It is thus evident that fifty years ago the young Disraeli had created a Hebrew peer in his own mind. As a matter of biography we may mention that Disraeli renounced his Jewish faith in 1818 in St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, and that Samuel Rogers, as an old friend of his father's, was his sponsor.

As an instance of Disraeli's "soaring spirit" an incident may be given. When his uncle called his father's attention "to the nonsense Ben was talking, about his intention to be a Cabinet Minister before he died," old Disraeli observed, jocularly: "Well, Cousin Elias, I don't know any man better fitted to be Chancellor of the Exchequer than my son Ben, for out of the two hundred pounds a year that I allow him, he lives at the rate of two thousand, and I never hear that he has any trouble with his debts." And when some one said he must be mad to talk such nonsense, Rogers observed: "Yes, he may be mad; we are all more or less so, but Ben has so much method in his madness that he'll come out all right in the end."

So little was it deemed possible that a Hebrew would become admissible to even the House of Commons, that one of the most enlightened of modern thinkers, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, told Edward Irving, the great Scotch preacher, "No, my dear friend, we have infidels in Parliament, but we shall never have a Jew there; the chorus of 'Old Clo' would be too loud for him!"

Truly we may say with old Galileo, when he had been compelled to recant his Cosmic Theory, "The world still moves for all that!"

#### THE COMING QUEEN'S CUP CONTESTS.

THE long-expected *Genesta* has at last arrived, and on Thursday morning of the past week dropped her anchor in the Upper Bay. We have been told repeatedly what manner of boat she is, and of the wonderful speed and qualities she has developed; and her performance in the coming races for that famous and much-coveted trophy, the Queen's Cup, will be watched with the liveliest and most universal public interest. The contests will be far more valuable and interesting than were those in which Mr. James Asbury, the "mug-hunter" as he was at the time familiarly known, contended with the *Cambria* and *Livonia* for the trophy, for the competing boats were then schooners, while the typical racing boat of English and American waters is the sloop, and to this class both the *Genesta* and her American competitors belong.

For many years past a fierce contest has been waged in the American sporting and daily press as to the relative merits of the keel or cutter and centreboard types of boats. The advocates of the former have been and are, with few exceptions, men who have made close and earnest study of the subject, and who have become convinced that the deep draught, narrow cutter type used exclusively in English waters, is the one best adapted for yachting purposes in American waters as well. To support their theories they have built many boats of this class with which they have been moderately successful, but not to such an extent as to overcome the arguments of their centreboard antagonists. These latter claim that the broad beam and light draught of their craft give them greater speed in the comparatively shallow waters of the bays and rivers of the Atlantic seaboard, and that their type is consequently the best adapted to American waters and is the distinctly American one.

After much discussion and argument two sloops have been built to defend the Cup now in our possession, and as a concession to both sides, one, the *Puritan*, has been launched as what is known as a "compromise" boat, in other words, having some of the qualities of the English cutter and some of the American sloop. The other new boat, the *Priscilla*, built in New York, is an American sloop pure and simple, but thus far has not developed as much speed as the *Puritan*. There will be other competitors than the *Puritan* and *Priscilla*, for the New York, Atlantic and Seawanhaka yacht fleets possess several swift sloops, prominent among which are the *Mischief*, *Fanny* and *Gracie*, and the cutters *Aleen* and *Bedouin*. Several trial races will be had before the Queen's Cup contests are sailed, and it may be that older boats may prove themselves more worthy to defend the Cup, than the new ones built especially for the purpose. This is scarcely likely, however, in the case of the *Puritan*, especially as that boat has developed almost unprecedented speed in a recent contest with noted schooners of the Eastern Yacht Club fleet.

It will readily be seen, therefore, how important the coming races are, and how their result may influence yacht-building in this country for a half century to come. If the *Genesta*, with her 90 feet of length, 15 feet of beam, and 13½ feet of draught, can out-sail in our own comparatively shallow waters and light breezes, our 80 feet long and 20 feet broad sloops, with their 4 and 5 feet of draught, and their narrow keels or huge centreboards; then the "skimming dishes" as those who advocate this type of boat for our waters are called, will be forced to submit to the "cutterites" or those who wear by the English type exemplified by the *Genesta* and the boats of her class, built of late years in this country. The prevailing opinion among yachtsmen of both classes is that the *Genesta* will be successful in the contests, and the betting is largely in her favor. We think, however, that this gloomy view is scarcely a wise one, simply because the *Genesta's* racing record has been so remarkable thus far. It should not be forgotten that her victories have been won in English waters, and over boats of her own character and class. Will she run away from the fleet *Puritan*, *Gracie* or *Mischief* in New York Bay, and with light breezes, as easily? Time alone can tell, and meanwhile it is the height of folly for any one to assert that the days of the centreboard sloops in American waters are numbered.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

RUMORS of another Russian advance to the Zulfikar Pass, in Afghanistan, and of a sudden retreat of the British Frontier Commission towards Herat, revived the war excitement in England, last week. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is regarded as a quasi-Russian organ, explains that the point in dispute is not the Pass itself, which has been formally ceded to the Ameer, but a "position commanding the Pass and the possession of which by the

Ameer would cut off communication between the Russian frontier post at Akrobat and the wells and passages in the valley to the north of the Pass, which are admitted to be Russian." This is not particularly reassuring, however, if the Russians have really occupied in force the position described. Should the Ameer be willing virtually to give up Zulfikar, the matter may be settled peaceably—until another advance be made; but should he demand assistance from England, the pretext would be quite sufficient for war.

The failure last week of the Munster Bank of Ireland for nearly nine millions of dollars, is probably a greater disaster in its way than the late collapse of the Marine Bank of this city. In Ireland, an institution like the Munster Bank holds a more commanding position than it would in our country where the financial area is so wide and well-occupied. Besides, as its shareholders belong chiefly to a class of small capitalists, and as its principal business has been done with the tenant-farmers and shopkeepers of the south of Ireland, its downfall involves more suffering than would probably the downfall of any bank, not a savings bank, in the United States. There is no doubt but this bank failure will cause serious injury to Irish trade, which was beginning to recover after a period of depression.

Spain is harassed with incipient insurrections in the midst of the dreadful cholera epidemic. The Government troops, however, made quick work of a camp of rebels near Mataro, last week, capturing the greater part of their number. Revolutionary plotters were also surprised in Saragossa, and one Colonel Magallon, supposed to be their leader, has been tried and sentenced to death. The cholera returns show no abatement, and the disease has spread to the provinces of Albacete and Navarre. The death of the Countess Romeral, last week, from cholera, marked the first case in Madrid amongst the wealthy classes and in a fashionable quarter.

General de Courcy has been reinforced at Hué. Most of the members of the Annamese royal family have returned, and a new Council has been formed of ministers favorable to the French. Thoxman, the King's uncle, has been designated Regent until the King's return, and measures are in progress to restore order and punish the late rebels.

General Lord Wolseley, who has returned to London in high feather, continues to urge the necessity of an Autumn campaign in the Soudan. He does not believe the report of the Mahdi's death, but declares that, even were it true, it would not improve the condition of affairs there.

A THEATRICAL company made up of pupils of the Lyceum Theatre School was recently taken "on the road" for practice and profit. They had plenty of practice; but the pecuniary results were so meagre that the company stranded, had their baggage seized, and became involved in a lawsuit. The managers of the school are determined that their pupils shall have training and experience in every important branch of "the profession."

At a Democratic convention held at Vicksburg, Miss., one day last week, the following resolution was adopted, and telegraphed to General Grant:

"Resolved, That we join in a nation's grief for the sad affliction which has befallen our General U. S. Grant, America's most illustrious citizen, who was as magnanimous in peace as he was great in war."

Coming from men of an opposite political faith and the city which twenty odd years ago capitulated to Grant after one of the most stubborn sieges of the Civil War, this expression of sympathy must have been especially grateful to the illustrious recipient.

WHERE are the official advertisements calling upon women to compete for places under our Civil Service? They are not visible. Are we to be behind England? In a recent competition for 165 places in the post-office of that realm, 2,594 women entered for examination. To be sure, the number of applicants was distressingly large as compared with the number of offices, but it was better than to have had 165 great strong men provided for, and the women left to shift for themselves. There are tens of thousands of situations in our post-offices—assorting, delivering, bunching, stamping letters—that women seem specially adapted to, that are now filled by men whose hands are wanted at the plow or lathe or wheel.

THE statistics of the cholera ravages in Spain are appalling. Up to the 18th instant there had been a total of over 36,000 cases and 16,000 deaths! For the most part, the sanitary precautions appear to be utterly worthless, and the scourge sweeps on its deadly way practically without restraint. In the smaller towns, the populace, overcome with terror and mad with superstition, resist every attempt to enforce cleanliness and a proper regard for sanitary laws, while in the more densely populated districts the ignorance of the authorities only helps to aggravate the horrors of the situation. It is impossible to conceive of the terrible picture which the country will present a month or two hence, if the plague shall not be speedily stayed.

THE State Charities Aid Association is deserving of commendation for its efforts to promote habits of thrift among the poor. After a thorough investigation, the Association has become convinced that in no way can the condition of this class be more benefited than by the establishment of postal savings banks. Under existing conditions the poor have but slight security against loss if they deposit the surplus of their earnings in savings banks of the ordinary class; but with postal savings banks there would be every incentive to thrift in the knowledge that the deposits were absolutely secure from any possibility of loss. Such banks have been of immense service in Canada and other parts of the British Empire, as well as in France, Italy, Russia, and other countries in which they have been organized.

THE prejudice against the colored race, though slowly disappearing in the South, is far from being extinct, and steamboat owners and others, in too many instances, only grant to the blacks those privileges which we guaranteed to them by the laws of the land, with a reluctance that demonstrates a real hostility to the spirit of the statute. In the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore, the other day, Judge Band affirmed a decree of the District Court, awarding three colored women damages of \$1,000 each for having been excluded from first-class sleeping-apartments on a steamer, after they had purchased first-class tickets. Hereafter it is probable that the proprietors of that particular steamer will grant those rights from motives of self-interest, which they have been so unwilling to grant as an act of justice.

LABOR troubles increase rather than diminish. At no time within the memory of man could the necessities and luxuries of life be bought at so small a price, while wages have not fallen in proportion, but contests between employers and employed were never more rife than now. The strike of the Michigan lumbermen is among the latest of the incidents of this increasing struggle.

Lumbering does not require much expertness, or special training, and while tens of thousands of strong and willing men are waiting for work in every State, a strike of workers of this class has little chance to succeed, even temporarily, except by the exhibition of violence to prevent the employment of substitutes. And this in a law-abiding country cannot be permitted. It is to be hoped we have turned the corner of our financial depression and distress; but until good times for all are again clearly in sight, the interests of all will best be served by consideration and mutual forbearance.

NEW YORK has many societies of a benevolent and humanitarian character, and many more will no doubt be organized in the future, either for the benefit of a class or the laudation of the projectors. Coachmen are not generally regarded as suffering from any severe grievances, and any proposal to make their lot more easy would be commonly considered superfluous. Now, however, a society is to be formed in the city for the prevention of cruelty to this class. The cause of this new development of philanthropy is the spectacle of a private coachman, clad in a heavy coat buttoned to the chin, wearing a tall hat and washleather gloves, sitting for hours in a broiling sun, awaiting the pleasure of his employer. Doubtless a coachman could be made more comfortable under these circumstances, but how much easier is it than carrying a hod under the same broiling sun?

DURING the last fortnight two of the best known Englishmen, Gladstone and Matthew Arnold, have followed the example of John Bright in declining the Queen's offer of a peerage. They have chosen well, even from the English point of view. Disraeli gained nothing in reputation or power when he became Earl Beaconsfield, and Walter Scott and Tennyson lost much in popular esteem when they consented to train at the tail of the British nobility. Both of them had gained in letters a position which the Queen and all the royal family and College of Heralds may in vain strive to confer. No nobleman of the realm will be remembered as long as the lustrous names of William E. Gladstone and Matthew Arnold; and if the charges made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* shall be confirmed, it is quite possible that the House of Lords will cease to exist with this generation.

WE occasionally hear of post-officers being removed because they are offensive partisans. This calls up embarrassing memories. A little over a year ago, Governor Cleveland's appointees in this State began to work him up for the Presidential nomination at Chicago. All with one accord, Railroad Commissioners, Civil Service Commissioners, Claims Commissioners, Labor Commissioners, with their appointees, clerks, deputies, and hundreds of other employees, stirred up the State for Cleveland night and day. They neglected their duties for it. They racketed through the State and charged on Chicago, everywhere in the thickest of the fight, and the most offensive partisans in the business. Were Governor Cleveland's appointees dismissed for their ardor? Yes, some of them were: Those who worked for Butler were given the instantaneous bounce. How many reflections this civil-service-offensive-partisan crusade does conjure up! And how we do love to humbug ourselves!

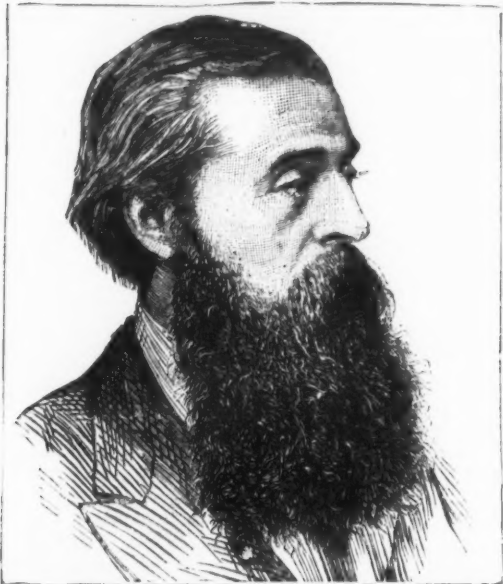
THE domain of women's work has been quadrupled in the last quarter of a century to the great relief of the weaker portion of the human race. All agree that it should still be extended. In the current of this feeling, Miss Cleveland—who is the much talked about of this Summer month—writes a letter urging the growing of the silk-worm and the development of silk-culture in America. The impulse which prompted the suggestion is a noble one; but the past ten years of experiment have proved that we cannot compete with our almond-eyed antipodes in the production of either tea or silk. We can grow tea, but not at a profit; we can make silk from our own mulberry crop, but it doesn't pay. The difficulty of unrolling the cocoon is so great that it requires the expertness resulting from long training. Not until a machine is invented whose fingers are exquisitely sensitive and intelligent can Miss Cleveland's ardent hope be realized. Until then we must buy our silk dresses, even if they cost from fifty cents to a dollar a yard, as they now do.

THE sea-serpent has been seen off Ocean Beach, New Jersey. This is the highest testimonial that this reptile of the deep has ever received, inasmuch as no fermented liquor is allowed to be sold within four miles of the spot. Seriously, scientific opinion has changed within the last few years concerning this alleged monster. It was once regarded as an impossible being—the fiction of conspiring narrators who lied for the fun of it, or an optical illusion resulting from the heaviness of the air or the lightness of the head. The general opinion of science now is that the sea-serpent probably is a reality, though specimens are not very numerous. Descriptions of them agree in hundreds of cases, and they indicate about such an animal as might still survive in the tremendous ranges of the sea. Indeed, some savans go so far as to say that there are not only no scientific deductions against him, and that he is in the line of zoological analogy, but that there ought to be just such a creature to fill the measure of terrestrial life, and that science ought to deduce him, as it inferred the great planet Neptune before it was discovered. So our sea-coast friends can look out, and observers need not hesitate to tell us what they see. Who will capture the first sea-serpent and haul him ashore?

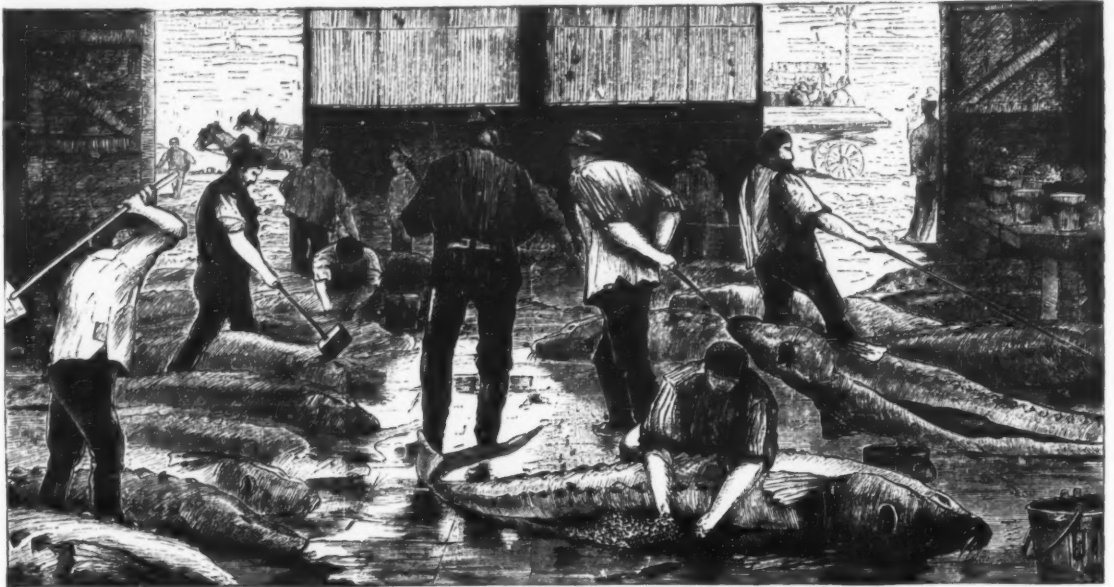
STRICTLY partisan Democratic journals are severe and unintermittent in their complaints against the present Administration for the slowness with which Republicans are turned out to make room for those whose politics are in harmony with the party in power; but the Republican press is no more severe in its outspoken denunciation of real or alleged mistakes in the selection of men than are the newspapers to which Mr. Cleveland has a right to look for support. The *New York Sun*, which claims to be the censor of the political morals of all parties in general, and of the Democrats in particular, is instant in season and out of season in demanding that all Republicans must go, regardless of Civil Service as regulated by law, and at the same time mercilessly flays the Administration when a change is made which does not happen to meet its approval. According to its Washington correspondent, in the four months of Democratic rule, ending July 4th, there were 5,108 changes in Federal offices, or only five per cent. of the whole number, and at the same ratio, only fifteen per cent. of changes would take place in the first twelve months. Carrying out this average, it would require eight years to get all the Republicans out and a corresponding number of Democrats in. This is a most discouraging outlook to those hungry patriots who still clamorously insist that "to the victors belong the spoils." Good citizens of both parties are philosophic over the situation, however, and Republicans can particularly afford to be so, in view of the possibility that the Democrats may not remain in control during the eight years mentioned.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 367.



ENGLAND.—E. BURNE JONES, NEWLY-ELECTED  
ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



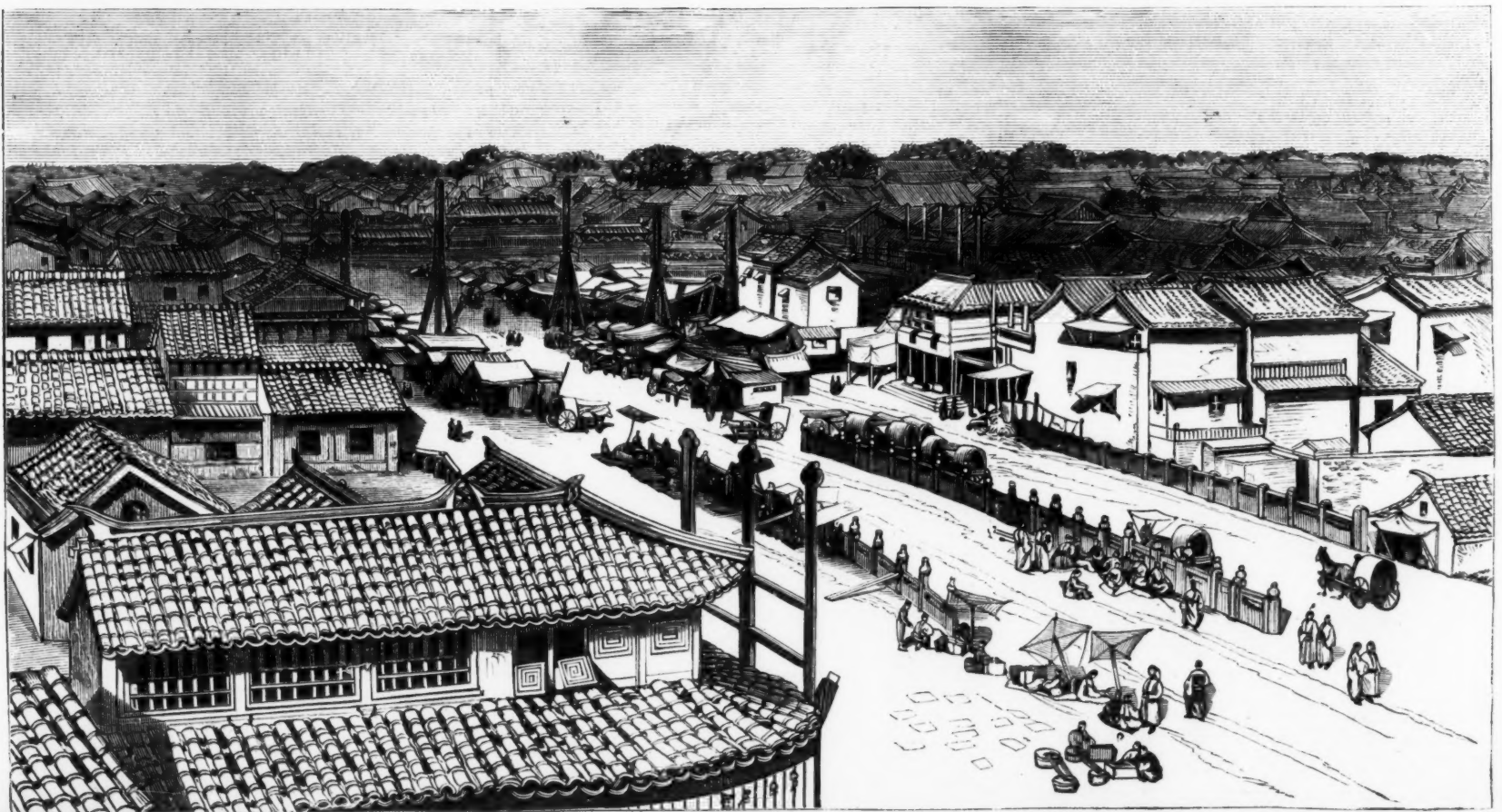
GERMANY.—PREPARING CAVIAR AT HAMBURG.



SPAIN.—ANTI-CHOLERA INOCULATION IN THE SUBURBS OF MURCIA.



FRANCE.—ARAB FALCONERS, RECENTLY IN PARIS.

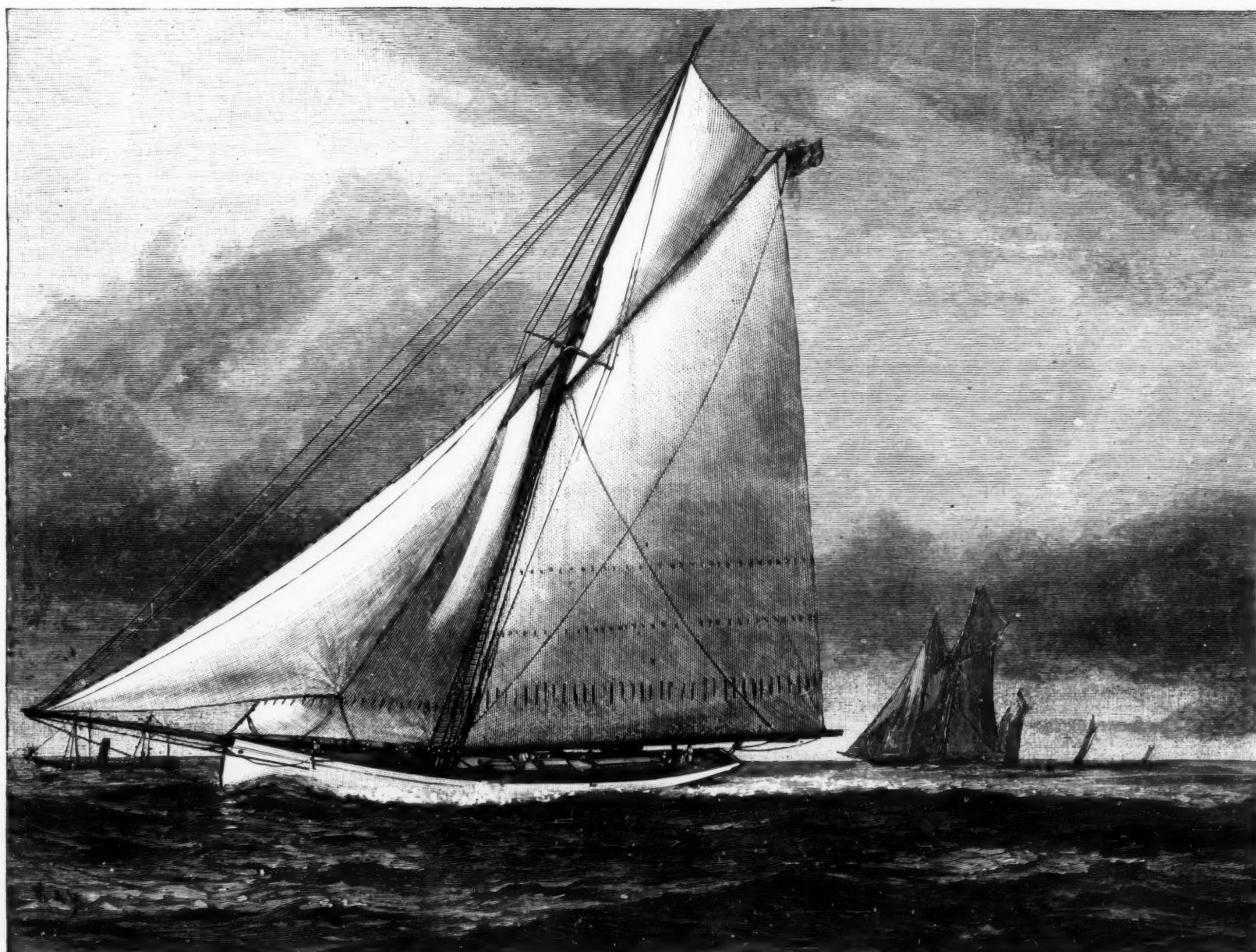


CHINA.—THE SUBURBS AND GATES OF PEKIN.





THE CELEBRATED RACING MARE "WANDA."—SEE PAGE 366.



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE EASTERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA—THE NEW YACHT "PURITAN" LEADING THE FLEET IN THE SWEEPSTAKES RACE OF JULY 9TH.—SEE PAGE 366.



## THE GRASSES.

ON a flame-improv'ish'd prairie,  
Where the fires had chased along,  
Stood the charred and yellow stubble  
Of a hardy grass and strong;  
And a slender, green meander,  
Just as far as sight might wing,  
Crept and told a pretty story  
Of a charitable spring.

There I mused of human bounty—  
Oh, so niggard and so mean—  
In the brooklet's precious sparkle,  
In the grasses' living green!  
Saw the widow in the shadow  
Which the Fates across her fling,  
But I failed to find the grasses  
That were watered by the spring!

There I dreamt of hapless orphans,  
And the wasted, fearful old;  
Of the maimed, forgotten soldier,  
Once Columbia's champion bold;  
Heard the ducats in the pockets  
Of the rich man's raiment ring,  
But I nowhere saw the grasses  
That were watered by the spring!

And I said that human fountains,  
Choked and weedy as they run,  
Grudging, never pour their bounty,  
As, O brooklet, thou hast done!  
That the river of the Giver  
Doth forever flow—and sing:  
Be thou mindful of the grasses  
That were watered by the spring!

ASHLEY O. SPALDING.

## REDIVIVUS.

BY HELEN T. CLARK.

THE furnishings of a back bedroom in a third-rate city boarding-house are not specially adapted to raising low spirits, particularly on a drizzling March evening, when one's wet skirts will cling around one's ankles, and there is a leak in one's overshoe.

Miss Rayburn opened the door of "Number 7," in Mrs. King's shabby-genteel establishment, lighted one dim, discouraging gas-jet, and, with a weary sigh, removed her wet garments.

She had seen a ghost, and the weird impression had not yet worn off. In the glare of Carey & Arnabauld's great drygoods store it had stood face to face with her, as she deftly spread out shining silks for a customer to choose from, and mechanically named the prices. For only an instant the eyes of the spectre had met her own with a glance of surprised half-recognition, then it had passed on and out.

Miss Rayburn sat down in her little cane rocking-chair, and warmed her chilled hands at the small stove which she had prevailed on Mrs. King to let her have instead of a register. Mrs. King, for "a consideration," had consented; and even now the step of the "slavey" was heard on the stairs, and a scrawny, unkempt girl of fifteen entered with a bucket of coal. Miss Rayburn spoke kindly to her. There was a dreary pity in her soul just then for all womankind.

"Some day she will see a ghost, too! Heaven help her!" thought Miss Rayburn.

When the supper-bell rang, she said, to herself: "I cannot go down to-night. I thought I was hungry an hour ago, but now—" She shivered, and drew a little shawl around her; then, with dull, hopeless eyes, gazed into the coals.

"Isabel Rayburn in a Newport cottage, and Isabel Rayburn earning her own living, are two vastly different beings," she murmured, with a curling lip. Was it only six months since she had visited Mrs. Gershom Reid in her charming cottage? Only six months since she had said a laughing good-by to Leonard Whitney, Mrs. Reid's cousin?

"We shall meet in the city, of course," he had said, smiling, lifting his hat from his broad forehead, with its crown of curling chestnut hair glinting in the September sunlight.

"Well," thought Miss Rayburn, with an ironical smile, "we have met in the city, it seems."

Perhaps her irony was misplaced. Perhaps she was unjust in thinking that Leonard Whitney should have recognized her in such an unlikely spot as the rear of Carey & Arnabauld's counter. Perhaps he did not know that her father had died and left her penniless, and that in less than two months from the day the gay party broke up in Mrs. Reid's cottage, the gayest member of it was installed as a "saleslady," and well-nigh dropped bitter tears on the rich fabrics which it was her province to handle.

"Pshaw! What earthly difference does it make? I am out of that world for ever. I am a bread-winner. If 'Labor Riots' should take place in New York, I might even become one of a mob."

She turned up the gas, and, drawing her rocking-chair under it, read the daily paper, and tried to interest herself in politics until drowsiness overcame her.

Next day, when Isabel went out for her lunch, she saw the ghost again. It stood on the pavement, in front of Carey & Arnabauld's, as if waiting for some one; walked directly up to her, and spoke, not in sepulchral tones, but with a decided mundane voice and manner.

"Miss Rayburn—Isabel. I surely am not mistaken?"

The hat was lifted from the broad forehead at the same angle as of yore, the chestnut curls glinted in the sun, the freshly-gloved hand was held out expectantly.

Miss Rayburn's presence of mind did not forsake her.

"You are not mistaken, Mr. Whitney, but—things are different with me, now," she said, touching the kidded fingers with her cheap gloves.

"So I see," answered Mr. Whitney, and with a quiet persistence moved along beside her. "I

thought I recognized you yesterday, but feared to embarrass you by conversation then. I beg you to let me join you in your lunch, as I surmise that is what you are going for. Surely you will not refuse an old friend the privilege," and a half-pleading look came into his brown eyes.

Miss Rayburn smiled, in spite of herself.

"Are you such a very old friend? I am under the impression that I only met you last Summer."

A wistful expression came into her face momentarily, but she continued:

"You are very kind, Mr. Whitney—more kind than I can say—but, under the circumstances, I cannot possibly accept your invitation."

"Under—the—circumstances?" he repeated, slowly. "I do not quite understand. Why should you be averse to—"

"Simply for this reason, Mr. Whitney," interrupted his companion. "I am an orphan, without a penny except what I earn. For several months I have been out of the gay world—out of existence, socially speaking. I must fight my own battles, win my own way, in a treadmill occupation, and neither expect nor accept civilities from the people with whom I mingled six months ago."

If the girl had known it, she was infinitely more attractive to Leonard Whitney at that moment, in her proud yet mournful independence, than at any time during the previous Summer; yet he felt that her mood must be respected. He bowed gravely.

"At least you will give me your address, and allow me to call. There is no reason why you should object, unless my presence would be distasteful to your *per se*."

Isabel thought of Mrs. King's parlor, with its slippery sofa, its hideous worsted-work flowers under a glass case, its tawdry curtains, its spindle-legged piano, from which all harmony had been successfully ravished by relays of young women boarders, and laughed inwardly at the thought of entertaining the elegant Leonard Whitney therein.

"If you will insist on it—but, oh, dear! you will find it so utterly different from other places where you call!"

"I shall manage to survive the surroundings. The permission is all I want."

It is needless to say that he obtained.

"Will he come?" thought Isabel Rayburn, skeptically. "If I could spare ten cents, I might buy a small bunch of daisies at the florist's and question the petals, like Faust's Gretchen. He will forget in twenty-four hours that he met me."

Whether Mr. Whitney fulfilled this prediction, the reader may judge. When Miss Rayburn opened her door that night, an exquisite breath of heliotrope and roses greeted her, and lo! on the little pine table, with its coarsely-fringed cotton cover, stood two dainty pots of blooming flowers, and near them a card bearing these words:

"Remember the etymology of the smaller flower, and imitate its spirit. Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."  
L. W.

Miss Rayburn's weary eyes filled with sudden tears at this graceful remembrance.

"He will come," she said, softly. "A common man would have sent baskets, which would have withered in two days. He knew that I would tend these plants, and that they would become like living friends to me."

She did not shrink from going down to tea that night. A kind act had transformed her narrow world, and her pleasure was radiated on her fellow-boarders: on tired, drooping-mouthed, melancholy Mrs. King; on the thin, grimy "slavey" whom Miss Rayburn always compared mentally to Dick Swiveller's "Marchioness," though her real name was Mary Mahala Higgins.

A few evenings later, Isabel, dressed in a blue flannel wrapper, with her heavy hair unbound and resting loosely in a net, sat beside her pine table, engaged in the prosaic task of making out a laundry-list. As she glanced at her fragrant little treasures, she caressed their dainty leaves, and spoke loving words, as if they were sentient creatures—and who can prove that they were not? In the science of to-day we learn that there is no true dividing line between bloom and breath.

"My pets! He was so good to send you to me. He will surely come—and soon, I hope, so I may thank him." Even as she spoke, the grimy fingers of Mary Mahala were tapping at her door. "A gentleman to see you in the parlor, mum. Here's his ticket."

Isabel took the "ticket," and scarcely needed to glance at it to know whose name it bore. What other friend had she?

"You are a good girl, Mahala. Thank you. Tell the gentleman I will be down soon."

The child still lingered, wistfully gazing at the flowers. Brief glances at the brightness that came into other people's lives were all that fell to her share. Some such idea struggled mistily through her girlish brain, and a tear stole down her sooty cheek.

Isabel, who was making swift changes in her toilet, saw the tear and divined its cause. Suddenly breaking off a rose-bud and a cluster of heliotrope, with a bright, sympathetic look, she gave them ungrudgingly into the hands of the little drudge.

"Oh, you are so good!" murmured the child, breathlessly, and sped away, as if her weary, coarsely-shod feet had not been aching all day. "She's a borned lady. That's wot she is," said Mahala; and in the seclusion of her chilly attic room, she put the flowers in water in an empty baking-powder tin, and knelt before them like a devotee at a shrine. "I darsent stay long, or they'll be a-hollerin' for me to come finish the dishes—but she's made me as happy as an angel. Mebbe the po'try verses will come again to-night!"

With this startling reflection, Mahala hastened down-stairs, and resumed her scouring of tin pans.

Leonard Whitney survived the shock of the

slippery sofa, the worsted flowers, and the spindle-legged piano. He survived it so well, that he made a second call in less than a week, and prevailed on Isabel to go to the theatre. His craftiness was Machiavellian. He confronted her with the invitation and the tickets simultaneously, and what right-minded young woman could refuse?

She flew to her room to get ready, and her pulse beat fast with pleasure.

"I am a silly creature to be so glad; but I have had no outing for so many months. It's a comfort to think that it is my duty to go, since he has bought the tickets."

Isabel's wardrobe was not yet in the depleted state usually associated with penniless orphanhood. Had it been so, she would have found more difficulty in retaining her position at Carey & Arnabauld's.

You may want bread, oh, impecunious young woman! You may be so faint from hunger that you must hold on by the iron railings of fine buildings, as you pass along the street; but, whatever your privations, your griefs, your agonies, venture not in shabby garments to apply for a "place"! If you cannot dress well, even on "nothing a year," you have no business to be alive.

Isabel was temporarily happy as she stood before the glass, adjusting her hat on her crown of dark braids. Her blue-gray eyes, dark lashes, and flushed cheeks made an attractive picture of girlhood—girlhood that has a right to be happy, as flowers have a right to the sunlight and the dew. She fastened a cluster of rosebuds at the neck of her velvet jacket, shook out the drapings of her skirts, and gathering up her gloves, made a mocking courtesy to the image in the glass, and ran lightly down the stairs.

Mary Mahala in her chilly attic, with a smoky lamp on the washstand, and a sheet of foolscap paper and a stumpy pencil in her hands, was wrestling with a succession of orthographical puzzles. She was making a copy of the "po'try verses" that had come to her the night Miss Rayburn gave her the flowers.

"I feel as if I was in Heaven when them there verses comes to me," said Mary Mahala.

The flowers had withered, but their remains were still cherished in the baking-powder tin, and Mary Mahala cast grateful glances at them, as she tried to bite away the thickening wood from the lead of the stumpy pencil.

Late in the night her task was completed, and, with a blissfully throbbing heart, she stole down the stairs, and slipped the paper under the door of a certain room.

"She'll find 'em in the mornin'." I wonder if she'll be s'prised?"

Three hours of glorious light, and music, and Salvini! Isabel felt the old intoxication with the refined pleasures of life stealing over her senses. She forgot that she must stand behind Carey & Arnabauld's dress-goods counter to-morrow—forgot Mrs. King's tawdry parlor, and her own meanly-appointed room—forgot the inexorable Nemesis of toil and weariness that would confront her in the morning. When the curtain fell, the dream was over, and, with a sigh, she turned to her companion and said:

"I have enjoyed it more than I can tell you, but it would not do for me to come too often."

As if he read her thoughts, he gave her a slow, sympathetic smile, and answered:

"Nemesis may relent some day—if you meet her half way."

She glanced up quickly at his peculiar emphasis, and the meaning of the look he bent upon her brought a deeper red to her cheek than the excitement of the evening had called forth.

That night, when she lit the gas, and picked up the paper that had rustled under her feet at the door, tears of genuine feeling came into her eyes as she deciphered the ill-scrawled tribute:

"O lady fare, yure hart is kind,  
For to give me flours so sweet.  
They clcher me wen I wake at morn,  
They cawse my hart to beet."

"If ever yu are in trouble or care,  
My praes shal rise for yu.  
My pen is poor, my ink is pall,  
But oh, my hart is tru."

"M. M. H."

Isabel folded the grimy sheet as reverently as if it had been the sign-manual of a king, and laid it away with a tender smile on her lips, and a thrill at her heart different from any that the magic of the drama had produced.

The boy that falls out of a clear sky seems much more tragic than one for which clouds and muttering thunder have prepared us. One lovely morning in April, Isabel, with a specially light heart, went to her post. Leonard Whitney had called the night before, and had brought her a gift—a book of brave and noble words for toilers, some sentences of which were still ringing in her ears, as she opened the door at Carey & Arnabauld's.

It no longer seemed a prison to her. It meant bread and independence, and the grand chance to help turn the myriad wheels of the world's activities. She would be faithful and patient, and ere long some better opportunity would present itself—she would step into some higher niche for which her education and social training had fitted her.

On her entrance she was met by a summons to the private office of the firm. They were polite, regretful, decided and solicitous, in a breath. Would it be convenient for Miss Rayburn to find another situation without delay? They could furnish her excellent testimonials, but the business depression had so affected their interests that they would be obliged to dispense with all their employes save the most capable and of the longest standing. In the meantime, anything they could do for Miss Rayburn would be most cheerfully—

With a mute gesture she stopped them. Her heart was too full for speech, and, bowing, she withdrew, and went to the bookkeeper's desk for her salary.

She determined not to go back to Mrs. King's immediately. She must think it all over, and devise some other mode of living. She might hire an attic room, and do her own cooking—when there was anything to cook—working at whatever turned up: sewing, copying, envelope directing—anything.

But Leonard Whitney should not find her in that attic room. Just as his friendship was becoming so pleasant to her, she sternly resolved to relinquish it. He should not lower himself further by his championship of her!

All this was very high-flown and heroic, of course. No account was to be taken of Mr. Whitney's feelings in the matter, it seemed.

"I am a failure! A miserable, pitiable, detestable failure!" she sobbed. There, in the early morning, in a corner of a little square where the new grass was springing, she leaned her head on the top of the iron seat, and lifted up her voice and wept.

And there, in the early morning, somebody, hurrying across that little square to take the elevated railway, saw, recognized, stopped.

He sat beside her on the iron bench, he questioned, he advised, he consoled. So much so, that in half an hour she had dried her tears, and was strolling along with him in the balmy Spring morning to look at a house which he thought of purchasing, and his haste to catch the "elevated" seemed to be among the things that were.

They entered a familiar neighborhood—the houses looked at her with their friendly, remembering eyes—surely, it could not be—yes, it was—it was her old home before which they stopped.

She had not had the courage to go near it since her father's death, and now a great wave of tender memories welled up her heart, and the tears flowed anew.

Her companion took her hand in his, very gently, very tenderly.

"I have already bought it, Isabel. It is waiting for its mistress. Will she come?"

"Mahala," said Miss Rayburn, some hours later, as the girl stared in astonishment at her wonderful eyes, her flaming cheeks, her tremulous white fingers unsteadily loosening her wrap; "Mahala! Don't tell Mrs. King—just yet, I mean—but I—I am going to be married, and you are going to live with me, and go to school. And it will be soon, Mahala. In just one month."

The child dropped the polishing rag with which she had been operating on Miss Rayburn's stove, clasped her thin, blackened fingers, and looked up appealingly:

"Oh, it hain't no dream, is it? Did you really say it? Is it a-goin' to be true?"

"Yes—yes. It's going to be true. It's going to be true," repeated Miss Rayburn, as if it were the soft refrain of a song; and the child, after a smile that transfigured her old-young features, and an ecstatic sigh, took up her stove-rag and went vigorously to work again.

"I'll work jest as faithful, though, till the time comes. You've alwus been like a angel to me, mum, and if I didn't do fair by Mis' King, I might not do fair by you, an' you'd be sorry you befriended me."

## WANDA.

WE reproduce a fine picture of Mr. Lorillard's famous three-year-old chestnut filly, Wanda, from the practiced pencil of Mr. Stull. Wanda was an easy winner of the great Lorillard Stakes at Monmouth Park, on the 7th instant, where Tyrant, Bersan, Pardee and Goano were among her competitors. On Thursday, the 9th instant, on the same track, she added further to the laurels of the Rancones Stable by galloping away with the Monmouth Oak Stakes. The "Rancones Filly" is already one of the queens of the turf, and is making a brilliant record this season.

## THE YACHT "PURITAN."

THE yacht *Puritan*, built expressly to compete with the British yacht *Genesta*, for the possession of the America's cup in the international match which is expected to take place in September next, furnished a fine exhibition of her racing qualities in the sweepstakes race which took place off Gloucester, Mass., on the 9th inst. The vessels regularly entered for the race were the *Fortuna*, *Gilana*, *Mohican* and *America*; but the *Puritan* happening to be lying near the starting-line, "took a hand in," simply by way of diversion. At the start the *Fortuna* led, but the *Puritan* speedily came up under her lee, and long before the stake-boat was reached had put two miles between herself and her rival. Her owners are quite confident that she will be able to vanquish the *Genesta*, the representative vessel of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which arrived at this port on the 16th inst.

## GEN. GRANT AT MOUNT MCGREGOR.

GENERAL GRANT, in his retreat at Mount McGregor, continues to be the object of universal interest and sympathy, and everything in reference to his condition and surroundings is eagerly seized upon by the public. During the earlier part of last week, he showed some marked signs of improvement, his voice becoming clearer and his pulse stronger, and he was able to devote himself to literary work. His physicians, with a view of guarding as far as possible from excitement and fatigue, induced him to deny himself to many visitors who were anxious to pay their respects; but he conversed freely with the members of his household and some intimate friends, evidently enjoying keenly his temporary release from suffering. Sunday, the 12th instant, was an especially enjoyable day to the General. On that day, Rev. Dr. Newman preached to an audience of some 350 persons, including members of the Grant family, seated on the broad piazza of the Mount McGregor Hotel, while just down the slope in the cottage General Grant sat where he could



hear the singing of familiar hymns, with cornet accompaniment. Dr. Newman spoke from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart," making the value of character the subject of comment. In discussing happiness, which, he said, proceeded from what was within a person, not from what one might gather from outside influences, he adverted to General Grant's qualities that have made him a hero in sickness: "Oh, illustrious sufferer in yonder cottage," said Dr. Newman, "what lessons thou art teaching to the rulers and statesmen of the world, and to the youth of that country which thou hast saved? Thy silent and heroic suffering commands the admiration of mankind and fills the heart of angels with delight!" As the audience dispersed after the service, General Grant came out on the porch of the cottage, and received the respectful salutations of the visitors who lingered about the grounds.

#### NIAGARA REDEEMED.

ON Wednesday of last week, the 15th instant, Niagara Falls and its surroundings on this side of the river were officially declared to be the property of the State, and free to all visitors. Elaborate and appropriate ceremonies accompanied the transfer, and immense crowds of people attended. Governor Hill, of New York, ex-Lieutenant-governor Dorsheimer, Lieutenant-governor Robinson, of Canada, Bishop Cox, Erasmus Brooks, and many other distinguished people were present, together with various military and musical organizations.

A hundred guns at sunrise announced the beginning of Niagara's freedom. On all sides there was a liberal display of the national colors. On the cataract bank arch, which was about seventy-five feet wide by forty feet high, were the two appropriate mottoes, "Niagara Redeemed Free to the World." The other—"New York's Imperial Gift to Mankind." Excursionists began to pour in from all directions. Early in the day a shower of rain threatened to interrupt the exercises, but in a short time the skies cleared again, and before the speaking began fully 25,000 people had crowded into the park. The Governor and his staff appeared upon the platform followed by many distinguished guests. The Hon. Erasmus Brooks opened the proceedings by introducing Bishop Cox, who delivered the opening prayer. The band and chorus followed with the national anthem. Mr. Brooks then delivered an oration, in which he traced briefly the history of the efforts both in Canada and New York to make the great Falls public property. Letters of regret from President Cleveland, ex-Governor Tilden, and the Governor-general of Canada, who were unable to attend, were read. The address of presentation of the lands to the State was delivered by ex-Lieutenant-governor Dorsheimer, President of the Niagara Park Commission, and responded to by Governor Hill. Every allusion to the event of the day was greeted with outbursts of applause. An eloquent address by Mr. James C. Carter, the orator of the day, was then listened to with eager attention. "Though the task of New York is accomplished," said the orator, "the whole work is not yet finished. The great and friendly nation which occupies the opposite bank holds in her hands a matchless part of the glories of Niagara. We are not to doubt that she is fully sensible of the duty which her dominion imposes, nor that that duty will be fully discharged. Our own endeavor had its origin in part in a suggestion proceeding from her Chief Magistrate. Our example cannot but stimulate her to decisive action. And what better pledge of everlasting amity could be given than a mutual and peaceful guardianship over these beautiful banks? The tumult of contending armies engaged in fraternal strife was once drowned by the thunder of the cataract. Does it not forever say, 'Peace; be still!' to the passions by which such strife is engendered?"

"Oh! may the waves which madden in thy deep,  
There spend their rage, nor climb the encircling steep,  
And till the conflict of thy surges cease  
The nations on thy banks repose in peace."

Lieutenant-governor Robinson and Attorney-general Mowat spoke in behalf of the Canadian visitors. Music and a benediction closed the ceremonies in the park. Afterwards there was a review of troops; and in the evening the Falls were beautifully illuminated by fireworks.

Various features of this memorable day in Niagara's history are graphically portrayed by our artist, and a fine view is given of the rainbow and mist effect observed at the foot of the sublime cataract.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### ANTI-CHOLERA INOCULATION IN SPAIN.

The cholera epidemic furnishes the subject of a curious picture drawn by a Spanish artist. The scene is in the rural suburbs of Murcia, the principal seat of the disease. Notwithstanding their hostility towards innovations, the peasants have been driven, by their terror of the cholera, to try the experiment of vaccination. Thousands have been inoculated, with generally satisfactory results, so far as can be ascertained. Dr. Ferran, the originator of this new safeguard, is working industriously in its application throughout Spain. In due time he expects to visit France and England to demonstrate his ideas, and to make new experiments.

##### E. BURNE-JONES, R. A.

Edward Burne-Jones, famous as one of the chief of the band of English "pre-Raphaelite" painters, was born in Birmingham in 1833, and, like most successful painters, displayed an early talent for drawing. He was educated at King Edward VI.'s School, and in 1853 entered Exeter College, Oxford, there meeting Mr. William Morris, also a freshman, with whom he has ever since been on the closest terms of friendship. In London Mr. Burne-Jones seriously devoted himself to painting as a profession. He entered no school of art, his only master being Rossetti, whom he was wont to watch painting whenever that was possible. His first work, however, was not a painting, but consisted of designs in pen and ink very carefully finished. He then executed colored cartoons for stained-glass windows and some small water-colored pictures. His first oil painting was an altar-piece for St. Paul's Church, Brighton, a triptych of the Annunciation and Adoration of the Three Kings. Of Mr. Burne-Jones's subsequent career there is no need to speak here, his masterly pictures having long been one of the chief attractions of the London artistic season, and familiar to the world through the medium of various reproductions. In 1881 the honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him at

Oxford, and on the following year he was made an Honorary Fellow of his old College. Mr. Burne-Jones is President of the Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, for this year. His recent election to the Royal Academy has occasioned much surprise, as he has never exhibited there, and the Academy has hitherto been unwilling to honor the phase of art of which he is the chief living exponent.

##### FALCONRY IN PARIS.

The recent effort to revive the historic pastime of falconry in France, was not particularly successful from the sportsman's point of view; but it furnished a picturesque scene and several pretty episodes in the forest of Saint-Germain, recently. The hunt was organized by the Eleventh Regiment of Chasseurs; and the presence of the Caid Lakdar, an Algerian of high rank, together with his Arab falconers, their birds, and hunting equipment, imparted something of an Oriental aspect to the gathering. The falcons were fine, well-trained birds. They were let loose upon rabbits, pigeons, and various game-birds, upon which they pounced with a rapacity almost too great to permit the chase to be exciting. The "hunt," which ended with a grand dinner, afforded a novel and charming outing to the guests; but falconry as a serious sport is not likely to return into favor.

##### PREPARING CAVIAR.

Caviar, the well-known Russian relish, is made from the roes of large fish, especially the sturgeon. The process of manufacturing consists in thoroughly cleaning the roe from its membranes; salt is then mixed in, and the liquor pressed out, after which the caviar is dried and packed for sale. The best kind is usually packed in kegs, while an inferior quality is made into small thin cakes. Although Russia almost monopolizes this branch of commerce, Hamburg has also taken up the industry, and our picture shows the interior of an establishment in that city where the roe of the sturgeon is extracted and turned into "caviare for the general" public.

##### THE GATES AND SUBURBS OF PEKIN.

The Chinese metropolis consists of two contiguous cities, each separately encircled by lofty walls, which together are entered by sixteen gates. The entire circuit is reckoned at twenty-five miles. Much of the inclosed space is occupied by gardens and inclosures, and the houses are seldom more than one story in height. The southern, or Chinese City, which is distinct from the northern, Tartar, or Imperial one, is the seat of commerce, and the residence of the majority of the population. It is intersected throughout by four wide, regular, unpaved thoroughfares, one of which is shown in our engraving. These thoroughfares abound with shops of all descriptions, and are continually filled with a motley crowd. At the points where they cross each other are erected large arches; but, besides these, and a temple to the God of Agriculture, there are no notable edifices in this quarter. These suburbs of Peking, particularly in the neighborhood of the gates, present all the evidences of an industrious people intent on the pursuit of gain, mercantile bustle pervading every quarter.

##### THE MANUSCRIPTS OF VICTOR HUGO.

The manuscripts left by Victor Hugo will furnish matter enough for ten volumes. The arrangements for their publication have all been made by the poet himself, who set them down in what is known as his second will. Three volumes are nearly ready to appear, and probably comprise miscellaneous prose and poetry, while the seven others will be made up of letters, notes, and similar documents, dating from Jersey and Guernsey, and written during the poet's exile from his native land. The publication of the manuscripts will extend over a period of ten or fifteen years, although the poet has fixed no special time for their production. In the event of the death of one or more of his literary executors, who are his special friends, M. A. Vacquerie, M. Paul Meurice and M. Lefèvre, the poet has left instructions for their replacement by some other person or persons to be chosen by his friends or testamentary executors. The new executors are to receive so much per cent. on the profits of the sale of those works.

Some difficulty still exists as to the old manuscripts, which the poet, during his lifetime, had intended to leave to his friend, Mme. Drouet, who, a few years ago, preceded him to the tomb. Whether Victor Hugo, after the death of this lady, made a third will to regulate the disposition of those manuscripts will not be known until the executors have opened his testamentary documents. This has been delayed, owing to the illness of one of his executors. Mme. Drouet was to have left the manuscripts to the State at her death. It is affirmed that the Messrs. Rothschild have \$1,000,000 standing in their books to Victor Hugo's account; but there is no actual sum set down in the first or principal will prepared by the poet in the holographic form. Ample provision is made in this document for his two grandchildren, for Mme. Edouard Lockroy, and for the poet's only daughter, who is in a private asylum.

##### THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION.

The Declaration of Independence, Jefferson's original draft and the desk on which he wrote it, are all in the library of the Department of State at Washington. On the eastern wall of the main library room, between two alcoves, hangs a cabinet of some well-polished dark wood neatly but plainly constructed, with very little ornamentation. It is about five feet high and three broad. From the key resting in the key-hole depends a card with the printed legend: "The original of the Declaration of Independence." You open the doors of the cabinet by pulling on this key, for there is no knob of any sort. The doors are carefully joined, so that they open very slowly. Within, at the back of the shallow cabinet, framed separately under glass, are the original Declaration of Independence with the original signatures and the original draft in Jefferson's handwriting. The Declaration is on one large sheet of parchment, and hangs above the draft, which is on two sheets of the small legal cap paper of that day, torn at the original creases. On the inside of the northern door of the cabinet you see a small engraving of Jefferson's head in profile, which shows what an ugly nose he had. But you turn from that at once to the Declaration and the draft. The parchment on which the Declaration is written is discolored in many places, and on the edges and in one or two spots of the surface slightly abraded. You can read every word of it with ease, although the ink has plainly faded; but when you come to

the signatures you find that all have faded greatly; that only a few are at all distinct; that many are either indecipherable or invisible, and that the rest can only be recognized by straining at once your eyesight and your memory."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

A WOMAN has asked the Belgian Jockey Club to let her ride her own horses in their races.

In the United States and Canada there are now 14,147 newspapers, an increase of 823 during the past year.

In China divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislikes, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife.

The best piece of good luck that has come to New Orleans for some time is the discovery of a good supply of pure water at a depth of about 400 feet, which can be tapped by the old artesian well process.

The Emperor of Annam uses a water-pond as a money-safe. Hollow trees are used to store it in, and these are sunk into the pond, which is guarded by alligators. The money returns no interest, but neither has any bank ever failed.

The population of Europe has increased in a century from 145,000,000 to 350,000,000. Englishmen have multiplied fivefold, the Russians fourfold, and the Germans less than threefold, while Frenchmen and Spaniards have added only about 50 per cent.

ONE of the earliest writers on temperance was a Venetian, who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth and in the early part of the sixteenth century. He was regarded as the model temperance man of his time, and yet fourteen ounces of wine was his regular daily allowance. The temperance men of to-day would set him down as an old toper.

OUT of 509 members of the House of Lords, no less than 440 are landlords in the fullest sense of the term; that is, they derive the whole or the greater part of their revenues from land. Fifteen million acres of land, with an aggregate rent roll of £15,000,000, represents their property and income, while another £750,000 in the shape of pensions, annuities and salaries also falls annually to the lot of this privileged class.

DURING the season of 100 days last year one Saratoga hotel paid a market bill of \$125,000. Among the items were 90,000 pounds of beef, 18,000 pounds of mutton, 20,000 pounds of lamb, 7,000 pounds of veal, 1,500 pounds of pork, 60,000 pounds of chickens, 35,000 pounds of game, 900 dozen squabs, 26,000 pounds of fish, 6,000 pounds of salmon, 22,000 pounds of butter, 24,000 dozen eggs, 65,000 quarts of milk, and 10,000 quarts of cream.

BEER is becoming fashionable in Paris. Saloons in which it is sold are called brasseries, and most of them are handsomer than the wine shops. One establishment is a beautiful reproduction of a French inn of two centuries ago, except that the fittings are elaborately fine. A new idea is to costume the waiters picturesquely grotesquely. In one place they wear the uniform of the French Academy, and the drinkers jocosely address them by the name of Academicians. Such cries as, "Hi, Sardou, two beers!" are common.

THE golden sword which the Emperor of Russia has given to General Komaroff and has just been completed, is described as being very beautiful. In shape it is like an old French sword; the blade is of Damascus steel, the scabbard and hilt are gold. On each side of the scabbard are rows of jewels, and on the upper part of the sword are six or seven large diamonds. "For Valor" is engraved on the scabbard, and clusters of precious stones and other ornaments in shape of roses are set in different places. The weapon is said to be worth \$7,500.

THE arable land of Egypt is about equal in extent to the State of Rhode Island. The White Nile, issuing from Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza, is broad and deep, never rises above a few feet, and supplies the permanent source of the river of Egypt. One of the Nile's tributaries coming from the mountains of Abyssinia, brings such vast quantities of soil with it that it is slowly raising the bed of the river, as well as extending it on each side. On the plain of Thebes the soil formed by deposits has in 3,500 years encroached upon the desert a third of a mile, while the ruins of Hierapolis in the Delta, which once stood above the reach of the inundation, are now buried in a mud deposit to a depth of nearly seven feet.

THE annual returns just published in England seem to show that vivisection has been practically crushed out. In Ireland no certificates to perform such operations have been granted in 1885. During last year there were but thirteen experiments, all but two of which were made to elucidate the action of drugs. In England and Scotland forty-nine licenses were granted, thirty-four of which were used. Only 441 experiments were made. None were used in testing previous discoveries, or on the larger animals; two were performed on cats and dogs. In 227 cases anesthetics were not used, but ninety-nine of these consisted of inoculations, twenty-four were for medico-legal inquiry, and ten were experiments of fish with a fungus. The inspector reports that the suffering caused in 1884 was "wholly insignificant," and the medical journals describe the benefits gained in about the same terms.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JULY 12th.—In Kingston, N. Y., Matthew Chipp, retired actor; in Weymouth, Mass., Maria Weston Chapman, intimately associated with the anti-slavery movement in New England, aged 79 years. July 13th.—In Sayville, L. I., Israel Corse, an old New York leather merchant, aged 65 years. July 16th.—In New York, Dr. Thomas E. Burtisell, aged 68 years; in Ithaca, N. Y., General Harvey A. Dowe, a prominent member of the Tompkins County Bar, aged 70 years; at Key East, N. J., Daniel Louis Pettet, formerly a famous horseman, aged 65 years; in New York, the Rev. Amos W. Brown, aged 85 years; in San Francisco, Cal., John Skae, a prominent mining speculator; in New York, Captain James Plunket, commissary of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G., aged 42 years; in Plainfield, N. J., Thomas N. Doughty, a well-known civil engineer, aged 61 years. July 17th.—In Middletown, N. Y., ex-State Senator Edward M. Madden, aged 67 years; in Dayton, Ohio, the Rev. William Earnshaw, chaplain of the Central Branch Soldiers' Home.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE has two novels in course of preparation.

LARGE audiences crowd London churches to hear the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks.

THE Republicans of Virginia have nominated Hon. John S. Wise for Governor.

SARAH BERNHARDT is playing *Theodora* in London, where her popularity appears to be as great as ever.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY received an enthusiastic welcome on his arrival in London from Egypt, one day last week.

It has been officially stated in the British Parliament that the Government will erect a monument to General Gordon.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES is announced as President of the day at the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument in Sandusky next month.

MME. PATTI has just settled finally her financial troubles with the Marquis de Caux by the payment to him of \$80,000 in a lump sum.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, the English poet and story-writer, who has been partially blind from childhood, has now entirely lost his sight.

THE Marquis of Salisbury, in sympathy with the depression in the farming industry, has reduced his tenants' rents ten per cent. for three years.

EDEN E. REXFORD, author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and other popular songs, has been appointed Postmaster at Shecton, Wis.

MR. WILLIAM F. CODY (Buffalo Bill) is forty-three years old, and is said to be worth half a million. He will take his Wild West Show to Europe next Spring.

M. SARDOU, who is to sail for the United States in August, expects to remain in this country several months, but if he likes the New World he may extend his visit.

THE health of Louis Kossuth, the venerable Hungarian patriot, continues to be precarious, and his physicians have sent him to the Lanzo Valley in the Savoy Alps.

P. T. BARNUM has given to Tufts College a building to be known as "The Barnum Museum of Natural History," which is announced as "destined to receive the skin and skeleton of Jumbo."

MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS, formerly editor of the New York Times, will contest one of the Parliamentary seats for Stockport, in Cheshire, England, in the Tory interest in the coming general election.

It is proposed to erect a statue at Strasbourg in honor of the late General Von Manteuffel, Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. Many letters expressing sympathy with the project have been received from France.

MISS FANNIE LAWRENCE, daughter of Mr. Francis Lawrence, of New York, was married to Lord Vernon, of Sudbury Park, England, on the 14th instant. The ceremony was performed at St. George's Church, London.

THE Mahdi is once more reported dead, with the usual result of internecine struggles over the succession. The report may, of course, be true; but it will be safe to await corroborative evidence before accepting it implicitly.

It is said that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the well-known millionaire ironmaster of Pittsburgh, has received several invitations from Liberal borough clubs to stand for member of the British Parliament at the general election in November next, but has so far declined to accept such honors.

CHEVREUL, the famous French chemist, who will celebrate his hundredth birthday next month, is a temperance lecturer incarnate. He is a total abstainer from all spirituous liquors, and is in full possession of all his senses, frequently lecturing to the students of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND "took a day off" last week, and visited Woodmont, on the upper Potomac, where he indulged his piscatorial tastes with satisfactory results. Ex-President Arthur, who has been salmon-fishing in Canada, had extraordinary "luck." In three days his party of three persons caught 300 pounds of salmon.

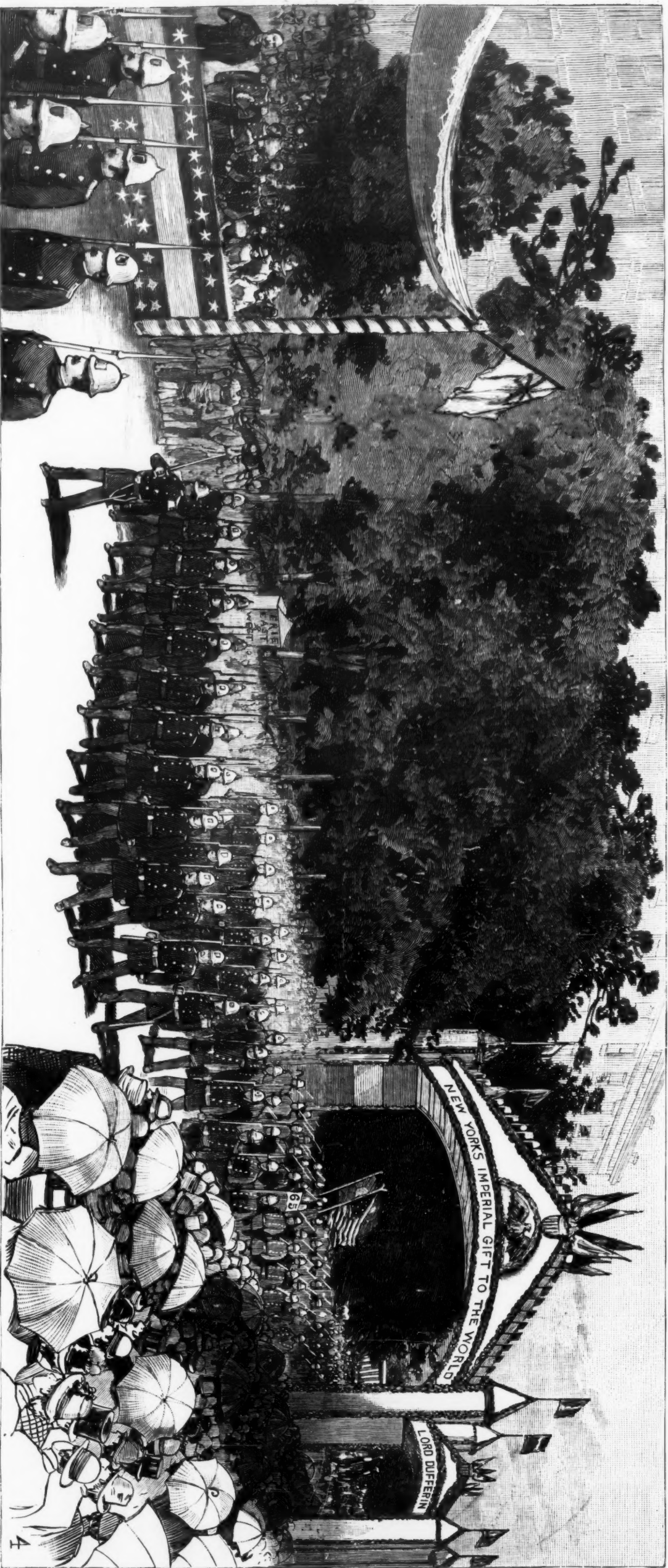
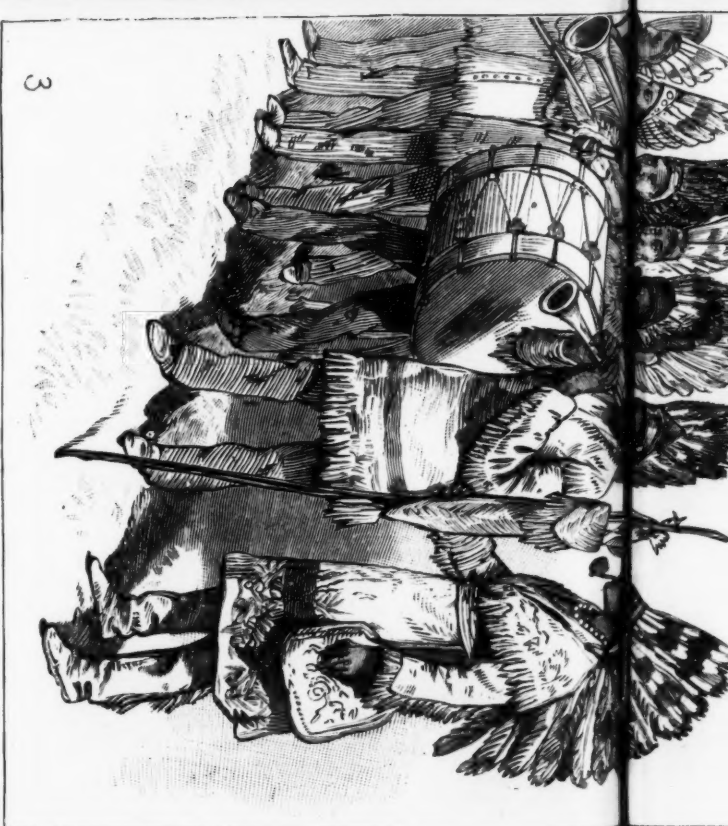
MR. JAMES D. FISH, who recently severed his connection with the Marine Bank of New York city, has accepted a position in the shoe-shop of the Auburn Prison. In going to meals he does not march in lockstep, but follows the company at will, as do most of the older prisoners. His cell has been furnished by his friends with a carpet and an easy-chair.

LIEUTENANT SCHUETZE of the navy, who has been designated to carry presents of this Government to the Russians who aided in the rescue of the *Jeannette* survivors, has already made one trip overland to the extreme east of the Siberian coast. Schuetze is about thirty-five years of age, and is a bachelor. He is stout in figure and very blond in type. He speaks Russian like a native, and is familiar with Siberia.

PRIVATE SECRETARY LAMONT, the President's nearest counselor, is described as quite diminutive in person. In weight he would not tip a quarter hundred weight above an even hundred. He is wiry, active, cunning and secretive. His complexion is fair, his cranial growth sandy, his face sharp and inclined to be angular, his eyes blue, with a general expression of sadness. He is a good listener. He talks but little. He seems to be methodical in his conduct of business, and quite as agreeable as an exceedingly reticent man can be.

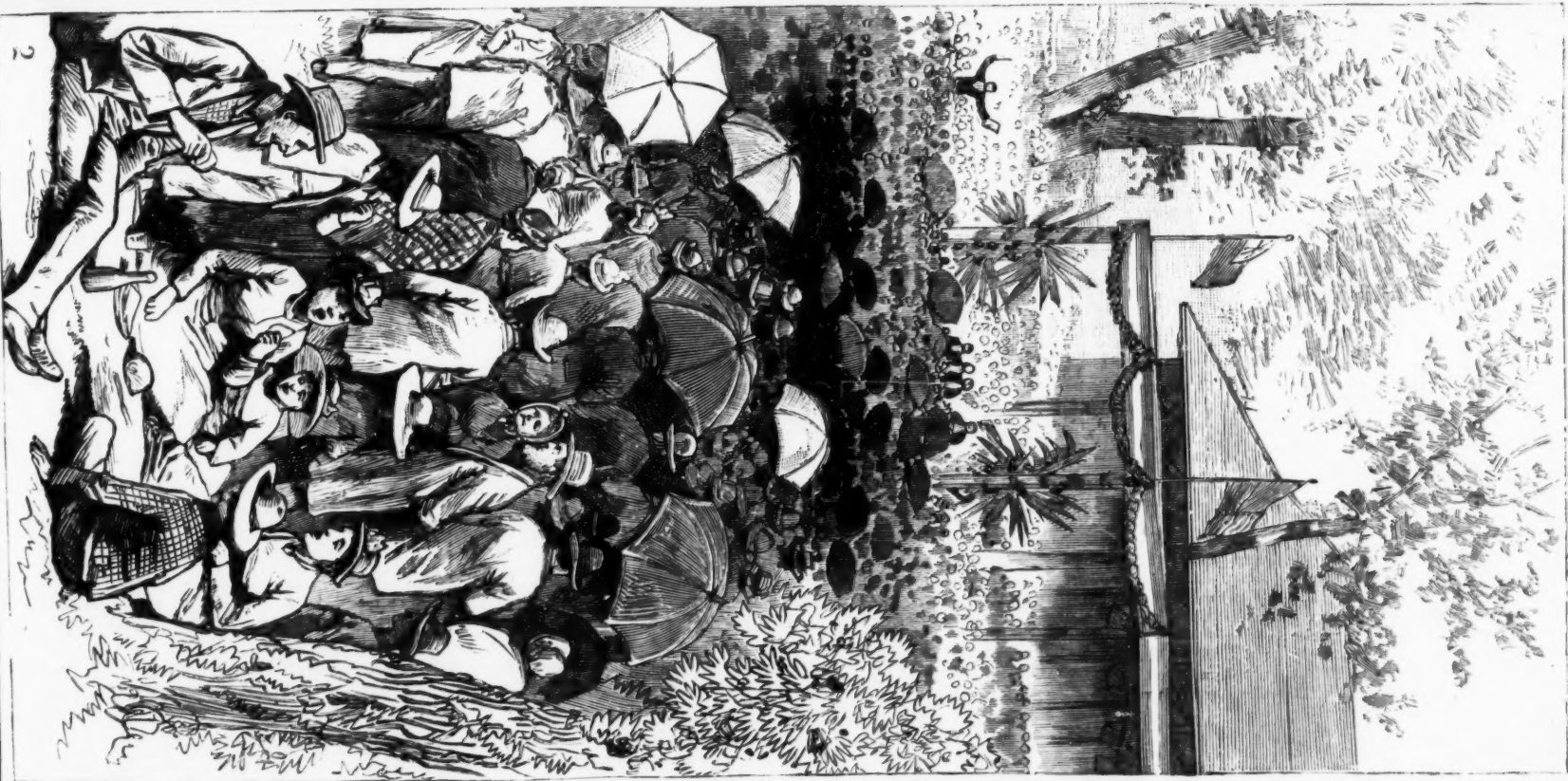
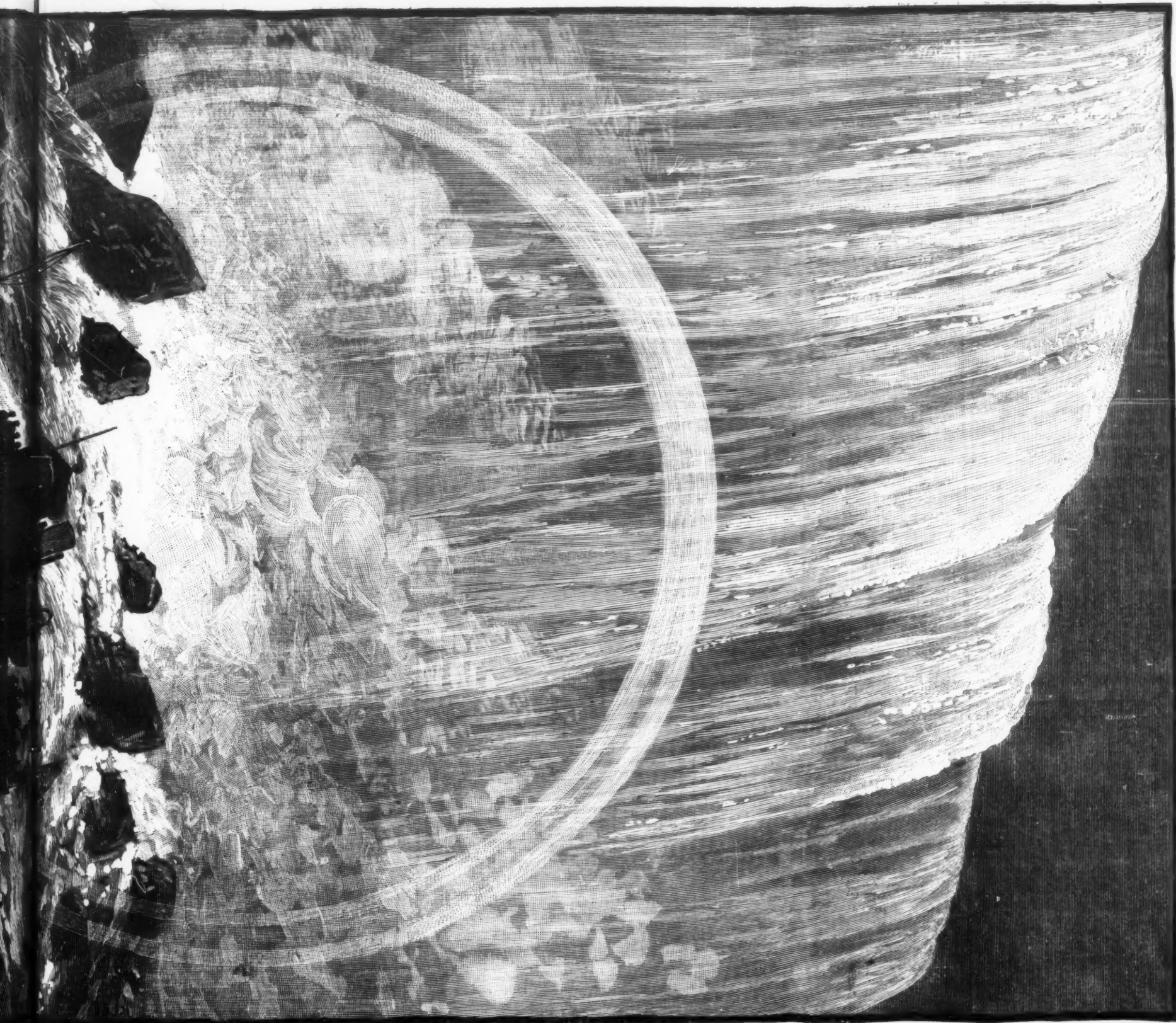
THE Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Democratic) says, as to President Cleveland's habits and likings: "Despite the pressure upon the office, the President is not losing flesh. He is ten pounds heavier than when he entered the White House. This may be ascribed largely to the fact that he takes no exercise, save a nightly carriage ride. He has not been on the streets of Washington since he became President, and were he to wander out alone he would get lost. The social features of the White House are very much circumscribed. The callers who are not official are few. Miss Cleveland has made some few acquaintances among Diplomatic circles, and these largely monopolize the visiting after sundown. The President usually spends his nights in the library with Lamont. He likes a good drink of straight whisky, and takes it moderately. He has a few choice oaths which now and again he uses, 'By Jehovah' being the favorite. He rarely invites any one to meet him socially."





1. THE STEAMER "MAID OF THE MIST" UNDER THE AMERICAN FALLS—MARVELOUS RAINBOW EFFECTS 2. SCENE IN PROSPECT PARK—THE PEOPLE SINGING. 3. THE INDIAN BAND. 4. THE 65TH REGT. N.Y.S.M.G. PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND ON MAIN STREET.  
NEW YORK.—THE DEDICATION OF NIAGARA TO PUBLIC USE—CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE TRANSFER OF THE RESERVATION TO THE STATE, JULY 15TH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 361.







## The Princess Ermenzarde;

Or,  
The Begum's Bracelet.

By M. T. CALDOR.

### CHAPTER I.

WHEN the servant came in, the next morning, to assist Philip at his toilet, he found him standing at the broad bay window, gazing with delighted eyes upon the fair landscape of hill and dale, river and forest, with pretty glimpses of brown-roofed villages between.

He pointed out a tripple-towered gray structure rising in the distance from a dark belt of beech-trees, and asked, curiously:

"And whose is yonder towered building over beyond that valley? It looks like a dwelling of importance."

"Ah, that is Fairview Hall, Sir Robert Benthorne's house, sir. And on the other side, those buildings with the glass dome in the centre, those belong to Lord Wistar, who married Sir Robert's sister. And the place is called Riverside."

Philip Laing had heard neither name, and his curiosity being gratified he gave those distant homes no further thought.

If he had suspected the truth, how keen would have been his interest!

For it was into the graceful serpentine paths of Riverside that Sir Robert Benthorne's carriage had taken Winifred Darke so short a time before.

The girl had given a single startled glance at the great buildings with their shining crystal domes when they appeared in view. But Sir Robert had seen the vague alarm upon the sad young face, and had smiled upon her reassuringly.

"Do not waste your strength in any uncalled-for trepidation, my child," he said, quietly. "I am taking you to a home where I am confident that you will be very happy, and will give as much joy as you will receive affection. I have gauged your capabilities, too, in good faith, and I can assure you that no young lady who has been welcomed there with pleasure and admiration, has exceeded you in refinement, or grace of manner. I flatter myself that I am a good judge. Trust me, therefore, in this matter, and do not lose your confidence or self-possession. I am taking one who will be her joy and delight to my lonely and bereaved sister."

How could Winifred be unsensible to this generous treatment? With eyes full of tears, but with a trusting smile on her lips, she looked up at him.

He waved aside the obsequious lackeys who crowded down the great stone steps to offer assistance, and himself handed her from the carriage, up the steps, and across the imposing hall which looked to her like a chapel, so high, and long, and richly carved was it.

A gesture of his hand brought the page at the inner door promptly to his side.

"Is Lady Wistar in the drawing-room, or in her sitting-room?"

"In the sitting-room, Sir Robert. Shall I show the lady to it?"

"No, I will take her myself. Was my telegram received?"

"Yes, Sir Robert. And I think my lady expects you."

"Then all is right," he returned, cheerily.

Taking her by the hand when they reached a doorway at the end of a broad corridor on the upper landing of the great stairway, he led her straight into a small, cosily-furnished room, with every appliance of luxurious comfort, but no pretensions show whatever.

A lady, in some soft silken robe of dull black, rose up out of an easy chair, and dropped the piece of embroidery on which she was working, so that its gay silks and tinsel balls rolled in every direction on the soft gray carpet.

She wore a dainty cap of fine white lace, beneath which the still glossy brown hair was parted in extreme simplicity for that time of waves and puffs and curls.

Her face was pale and sad, but very sweet and gentle in its expression. Winifred felt all her heart warm and glow as she met those loving, sorrowful eyes.

"Mary, dearest, I hope you have understood my brief letter and the telegram. See, to you who are trying to bear up bravely in the lonely place left by our lost Lillian. I bring the consolation of another child, who mourns even deeper bereavement than your own—she has lost all—she is entirely alone. Look into her eyes, and I need say no other word."

He spoke these words in a deep, earnest voice, with a slight tremor of agitation.

Lady Wistar looked, and met Winifred's soft gray eyes full of loving appeal, through their dew of tears. She opened her arms with a little cry between joy and anguish.

"My child! my child! Oh, you have indeed just such eyes as my lost Lillian. I will indeed try to be a mother to you. Welcome, welcome to my lonely heart."

Sir Robert turned away with a happy look on his face, for all the mist that came into his own eyes.

"I am sure that I am doing a blessed thing for you both," he said, joyously. "Indeed, Mary, she is strangely like Lillian. I was struck most forcibly by the resemblance the first time I saw her. But I am going to leave you alone with her. Do not be too exacting in your demands upon her, for she is tired, and was a little frightened. I can see that her vague disquietude is set at rest now. Oh, I need no assurance how your two hearts are going to melt into one fervor of confidence and love. Where shall I find Wistar? In the library?"

"John will tell you. He went to the stables a short time ago."

And then, as Sir Robert left the room, Lady Wistar turned again, and kissed Winifred fondly. "My child, you will let me be a mother to you? You are not afraid of me?"

And Winifred, clinging to the lovely lady, sobbed passionately.

"Will I let you? Oh, do you not see that it is almost as if heaven itself had opened to me?"

And then Lady Mary clasped her close again, and Winifred flung her arms about her neck and cried:

"Please heaven, I will deserve this angelic goodness of yours to an unknown, desolate orphan!"

And, kissing again, the pair wept and smiled, and both declared, with quivering sighs of rapture:

"Oh, I feel as if I had known and loved you always!"

"Let me take off your hat and wrap, my child. No, no; Susette shall not defraud me of the pleasure. I am going with you to the rooms we have made ready so hastily in answer to Robert's word. He prepared me for a pleasant, refined companion; but, oh, I did not dream—I did not dream it could seem so much like my own!" added Lady Mary, stopping to wipe away the streaming tears, and clasping Winifred's hands fondly.

"You will tell me all about her, that I may try to be something like her," said Winifred, with a tender solemnity in her tone.

"If I had known, I would have given you her rooms. But I have kept them sacred. Yours are not very far from mine. And there is a passage between that I will have opened. Oh, your eyes—how like, how like they are!"

She led Winifred into a dainty boudoir opening into a spacious bedroom, furnished with taste and evidently unstinted expense.

"May you be happy here, my child," she said.

"I should be made of stone if I were not," answered Winifred, eagerly. "Oh," she added, solemnly, with a sudden catch of breath, "do you believe they can know—your dead daughter and my unknown mother, up there in the white blaze of Heaven's gladness and glory—do you think they can know of this meeting, and find even Heaven a little brighter for the knowledge of two lonely hearts coming thus together to make each other happy?"

"My precious child, let us believe it, and strive to be worthy of them and of each other in our great fidelity to our earthly duties," answered Lady Mary.

"I think your trunks have not arrived yet," she said, presently. "I see you are not in mourning. Would you object to wearing a pretty robe that was Lillian's once. I never thought I could allow any one to touch it; but I think I should be happier for seeing you in it, and I would like Guy to see you first in that. I mean Lord Wistar, you know—Lillian's father."

"I shall be too grateful for the honor you do me," answered Winifred. "And I shall wear no mourning for my poor aunt. I remember it was one of the first things that raised my doubts about her relationship—that she, one day, after a passing funeral train, vehemently charged me to wear no mourning if she should die."

"Sit down and rest, dear, and I will go for the dress. No, Susette, you are not wanted yet. I must do everything—everything with my own hands. See how eager they are!"

And Lady Mary waved back the bright-faced waiting-maid from the dressing-room door, and hurried away across the corridor.

Winifred sank back into the soft embrace of the velvet cushions of her chair and wondered if her unloved, dreamy life had suddenly opened by some fairy talisman into a land of undreamed-of beauty and delight.

Lady Mary returned, followed by Susette carrying her arms full of the most dainty clothing.

The dusty, sombre traveling-dress was hastily removed, and Winifred slipped into a silken robe of pale sea-green, trimmed daintily with undulating cascades of creamy lace.

It fitted perfectly. Lady Mary waved back Susette's nimble fingers, and, though her own hands trembled, she buttoned herself every one of the tiny opals set in silver filagree, which had been made expressly for the birthday gift of the beloved Lillian.

Then, with shaking hands, she unlocked a casket and brought forth a triple string of milky pearls, and hung them about the girl's neck. Then she led her to the great swinging mirror, and stood with clasped hands looking at the fair image reflected there.

Once she took up a comb and lowered the glossy hair a little on the forehead. This done, she stared again, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"Oh, Lillian! Lillian! have you come back again?"

Winifred grew a little pale, and glanced questioningly into the glass. It was a solemn thing to stand there, in the dead girl's clothing, and see the poor mother's passionate eyes staring so wildly upon her. Yet the needful inspiration came to her.

"Ah, no," she said, softly, in a voice of infinite tenderness. "Lillian would not wish to come back out of that safe, heavenly home. She is waiting there to give you holy greeting. But it is Lillian's accepted sister, if you will."

Lady Mary smiled slowly, gravely, yet triumphantly, and washed away the tears.

"Yes, my dear, you are right. Lillian would not come back to earth, and her mother would not dare to call her down into its sorrows and sins, even if it were in her power. Come, my new daughter, let me take you into my boudoir, where Robert and Guy will soon be coming."

And, with her arm around the girl's slender figure, Lady Mary entered by one door as her husband and brother appeared at the other.

The two gentlemen stared at the sight. Sir Robert looked deeply impressed, but with a low cry of amazement Lord Wistar sprang

towards his wife, his ruddy face blanched, his eyes wild and troubled.

"Mary! Mary!" he exclaimed, in piteous tones of entreaty. "Oh, my Lillian! my Lillian! from whence have you come?"

His strong voice was shaken by sobs. His wife flung herself into his arms.

"Forgive me, Guy, dear Guy! I did not imagine that you could be so startled. But, oh! is not the likeness something wonderful? It is not our own Lillian, but it is one she has sent to comfort us, I do believe."

"The likeness is made stronger by the dear, familiar dress," said Sir Robert, "but it is certainly there, for I was haunted by it when I first put my eyes upon her, I said at once—those are Lillian's eyes."

"Indeed, they are like your own, Guy. Oh, how shall we thank you enough for bringing her here! Neither the house, nor our hearts, shall be desolate any longer!" said his sister, earnestly. "Poor Guy! have you no voice left in which to give welcome to this new claimant for our love? Has not Robert told you how desolate she is, and that there is no one to dispute our need of her?"

"Forgive me, my dear," said Lord Wistar, as soon as he could speak, and he took Winifred's hand in his as he said it. "I was so startled by your likeness to my dear child that I lost my composure entirely. I give you welcome, indeed. Sir Robert has been telling me your story. I was ready to give you cordial welcome for my wife's sake. I see now that I shall be even more grateful for my own."

And in this way was the desolate orphan adopted into these generous hearts.

Winifred could scarcely realize her own good fortune. They sat in the little boudoir talking earnestly, revealing past history, first on one side and then on the other, until each seemed to have known the other always.

The summons to dinner broke up the circle. Sir Robert took in his sister, and Lord Wistar gave his arm to Winifred.

Sir Robert watched her carefully, and though there was a grave, intent look upon her face, in no other way did she betray that this elegant dining-room, with its costly appointments of silver, and crystal, and china, with its ceremonious butler and obsequious waiters was anything out of her common course.

"It is native refinement," he said, exultantly to himself. "We shall never have cause to blush for her. This is a good deed which I have been led into doing."

They went into the drawing-room when the dinner was over. Winifred did not deny her great interest in the fine pictures and carefully chosen *bric-à-brac*. Yet it was done with so much delicacy and ease, as not in the least to reveal ignorance or under breeding.

"And now I must take my leave, dear child," he said to Winifred. "I do not need to assure you how happy I am in bringing you to Riverside."

"Your leave!" said she, in a tone full of regret. "Do you not live here also?"

"Alas, no!" he returned, with the kindly smile she had learned to appreciate so well. "There's a cold, big, empty house further on which calls me master—and, as I have been so long away, I suppose I must go to it. But I shall come here often enough. And Mary will bring you over to Fairview, for though they make you a daughter to them, you mustn't forget I have a prior claim. I am your guardian, you know. And, by-the-way, that Locham sent a check, which I have cashed. Here is your purse, my ward. I told you before, you would have no sense of obligation."

He put a well-filled purse into her hand, kissed his sister, and took his departure.

"How noble he is!" sighed Winifred. "Oh, to think what a change in my life for meeting him by the river that day!"

And then she remembered Philip Laing, and wondered what he would say, if he could know of this fair change in her fortunes. And here a little sigh escaped, and watchful Lady Mary said quickly:

"You are tired, my love. You must go up to your room now, and rest."

"Tired!" repeated Winifred, with a glad jubilant ring in her voice that made their hearts thrill. "Oh, no, I feel as if nothing could tire me now."

"You precious child! we are all of us very absurd, I think," said Lady Mary, and laughed, as her husband had not heard her laugh for many long months.

The two ladies went up-stairs together, and Lord Wistar strolled away to the stables. The twilight glories were filling the sky, when Winifred leaned out of her window to examine the outward surroundings of her new life.

"There—over there—those gray towers—there is Fairview up above us," said Lady Mary, looking out behind her.

"Sir Robert's home! I am glad we can see it," returned the girl. "And down below there—below that cedar belt is a handsome group of buildings. Whose home is that?"

A grave shadow dropped on Lady Mary's face. "I was in hopes you would not notice that place to-day," she said. "Would you mind sleeping here to-night without knowing? In the morning you shall hear it, as early as you choose."

"Of course, I do not mind. Why should I care for any unknown person's home? Oh, what delight to wake in the morning and know that I have a home of my own. That is the joyful remembrance to sleep upon, and to wake to. Good-night, dearest—what shall I call you?" she asked, suddenly. "I will not pain you by using the word your Lillian made sacred. Shall I say auntie, because you are my guardian's sister?"

She added, with an arch smile.

"Auntie let it be, my darling."

(To be continued.)

## "SEEING THE ELEPHANT" AT CONEY ISLAND.

IF the excursionist be embarrassed by the number and variety of routes to Coney Island's silvery beaches, not knowing whether to choose steamboat or railroad, the Sea Beach Line settles the matter for him by combining the two. At the foot of Whitehall Street, the down-town terminus of the elevated railroads, there is always a steamboat waiting. Her course is down the bay, under the shadow of the grim old fortress on Governor's Island, past the pedestal of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island just opposite, and straight to the neat landing at Bay Ridge, starting out from amidst the deep-green foliage on the eastern Shore. Then comes the fifteen minutes' ride, in open cars, across the gardens and meadows of Long Island. We begin to feel the sea-breezes. A tall iron observatory piercing the sky is the first visible sign of Coney Island. Then the roofs of the Sea Beach Palace appear, while over all towers a strange, mountain-like bulk, the like of which was never before seen on land or in the sea. It is the elephant!

We leave the train at West Brighton Beach, where the animation and holiday spirit of Coney Island seem to have concentrated. The railroad station adjoins the Sea Beach Palace, which is an entire Summer resort in itself. A large portion of the ground floor is occupied by the Coney Island Olympic Club Skating Rink; and it is a fascinating sight to watch the skaters gliding about the broad, smooth floor, like the colors in a kaleidoscope. The well-known Elliott Family, who are as free and active on roller-skates and unicycles as a bird on the wing or a yacht in a stiff breeze, give their remarkable exhibitions here daily.

In front of the Sea Beach Palace passes Surf Avenue, the main thoroughfare of the island. It is absolutely hemmed in by the multitude of booths, merry-go-rounds, tents, dime museums, restaurants, photograph galleries, camera obscuras, roller-slides, hot sausage vendors, and the thousand and one devices and occupations which make West Brighton a perpetual fair. Brass bands, pianos, orchestrons, banjos and bones blend their notes in one continuous uproar. Crowds of excursionists are always arriving and departing at the iron piers directly opposite. Vehicles of all kinds, from a stage-coach to an Irish jaunting-car, parade up and down the sandy avenue. The elevators of the observatory make ceaseless trips to the clouds and back. Children crowd around the stuffed cow which gives ice-cold skimmed milk, or persistently endeavor to alter the topography of the beach by means of little tin shovels and pails. The newest thing in carousels is also to be found here. It is a circle of small balloons, hoisted high above the ground on davits, with baskets dangling below, in which adventurous youths and maidens may make dizzy aerial voyages for the insignificant sum of a dime.

But it is the elephantine colossus which dominates all the place. We approach him, enter one of his toes, and climb up his left hind leg. We traverse various sections of the beast's anatomy, and finally emerge in the howdah upon his back, 150 feet above the ground. The gilded crescent on the top of this unique observatory is 175 feet in the air. The view is superb, covering an immense expanse of ocean, bay, beach, marsh and farm-land. Descending, and again wandering through the elephant, we begin to comprehend what a vast amount of space is inclosed within his tin cuticle. There are no less than 31 rooms, one of them a large hall of 92 x 38 feet. The length of the body is 109 feet, and the legs are each 60 feet long. The ears are 40 feet wide; and if the animal should take an idea to swing his trunk about after the sportive manner of his kind, or indulge in a short promenade seaward, he might demolish half a million dollars' worth of property with no effort at all. The work is really an architectural wonder; and when it bursts upon the astonished gaze of passengers on the in-coming European steamers, it gives them their first idea of the bigness of some things in this country.

We have described, and our engravings illustrate, only a few of the sights to be seen at Coney Island on a Summer's day. The place is ever changing, ever attractive. Its development, as a seaside pleasure-ground for New York and Brooklyn, which began less than a decade since, has reached immense proportions, but its capabilities are unlimited, and, for many years to come, each succeeding Summer will see it assuming more and more the aspect of a city on the sands.

## THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

THE American Exhibition, which will be opened in London on the 1st of May next, has enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of a large number of prominent Englishmen, including peers of the United Kingdom, leading members of Parliament, men prominent in law, science, art, literature, journalism and in trade. Among these are the Dukes of Argyll, Roxburgh, Wellington and Westminster; the Marquises of Tweeddale, Exeter, Ormonde and Stafford; the Earls of Albemarle, Clarendon, Longford, Russell, Dufferin and nearly twenty others. In this country the Governors of all the States and Territories, one member of the Lower House from each State and Territory, nearly all the presidents of commercial exchanges, besides a large number of men prominent in every calling and profession will give their support. So far as great names go no project of the present generation has been more strongly indorsed.

It is the purpose of the promoters and managers to make in the City of London such a display of the products and institutions of the United States as shall represent their varied resources and industries in the most favorable light. The United States Government is expected to send a unique collection, representing the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Coast Survey drawings and models of apparatus used in the lighthouses and in the life-saving service. The War Department will send torpedoes, models, diving machinery and a large variety of artillery, rifles and small arms. Among the large guns will be the Maxim, the Gardner, the Hotchkiss and the Gatling.

Industries peculiar to the United States will be very fully set forth. A tobacco factory, gold-mining, logging, cotton growing and manufacture in their various stages will be exhibited with the nicest attention to details. Space will also be given to a display of our great trunk railway lines by means of models, maps and drawings. Our amusements, too, will have a place, it being the intention of the managers to build a theatre on the grounds, at which American actors will give American plays. Genuine negro minstrelsy will not be overlooked or neglected. Besides this, the national game, baseball, is to be presented for



the admiration of visitors, who will also be entertained by roller-skating, lacrosse, billiards and bicycle tournaments.

The principal promoters of this great enterprise are General C. B. Norton, of Boston, who was connected with our Centennial, and has had experience in the organization of several important exhibitions, and John Robinson Whitley, of London. Mr. Whitley, who is Director-general of the Exhibition, is a gentleman of large wealth and great enterprise, and so intense is his interest in the project that he has relinquished his participation in the management of his own business in order that his whole time may be devoted to the furtherance of the Exposition. Mr. Whitley was born in the English county of Yorkshire in 1843, and was educated partly in his native country and partly in Germany and France. In his youth Mr. Whitley took Durham University scholastic honors; and in Germany secured prizes in athletic contests as a member of the Turn-Verein. He has traveled extensively in Russia, Turkey, Spain, the West Indies and Mexico, and has resided two years in the United States of America, where he is

tion, in addition to the 150,000 strangers who, it is estimated, enter the City of London daily. For accessibility by railway the site at Earl's Court is probably not equalled by any other in the United Kingdom.

#### THE REDWOOD FORESTS OF CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "The redwood of California is the only tree of its kind in the world, its only near relative being the *Sequoia gigantea*, found in a few places on the Sierra Nevada. The area of the redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, is limited to a few counties of the Coast range, extending from Monterey northward. It is essentially the product of a moist climate, and is practically limited to such portions of the coast range as are composed of or covered by the sandstones of the petroleum formation. In Santa Cruz, Monterey and Santa Clara Counties the territory producing this valuable tree is only from three to eight miles wide. It grows in clusters,

making each footscape page as covering one and one-half square feet of space—not a large estimate, I think—the manuscript used to complete this history will cover 360,000 square feet of space if it were laid out with the edges of its sheets touching one another in close patchwork. And, as an acre is less than 44,000 square feet, it would cover more than eight acres of ground, and leave paper to spare. The work on the record in regard to accuracy is wonderfully complete. Every name, whether that of private soldier or major general, must be spelled right and its proper initials given. A single name often consumes days of research, and is found at the end to be far different from the one it was originally supposed to be. The indexing is very complete and full of labor. The card system is used in the work, and the third part of Vol. XIII. took alone 12,376 index cards. The work of printing the record is done by the Government Printing Office, and the men in charge of preparing the manuscript tell me there is another volume which should have been out before this. This record of the Rebellion embraces both the official papers of the North and of the South,

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Six cardinals will be created at a Papal Consistory to be held on the 27th instant.

EXTENSIVE cranberry bogs have been ruined by forest fires in Southern New Jersey, recently.

GENERAL SHERIDAN last week telegraphed the President from Fort Reno that no serious Indian troubles need be apprehended.

THE German Consul at Zanzibar has been recalled. The English have established a perfect understanding with the Sultan.

THE Soudan is in a state of anarchy. Osman Digna blackmails all caravans and travelers on the pretext of raising war funds.

THE President has appointed Francis H. Underwood, of Massachusetts, to be Consul of the United States at Glasgow, vice Bret Harte.

A JURY in Eastern Virginia has pronounced a fight with knives to be simply a case of "unlawful cutting," for which a penalty is exacted of one minute in jail and a trifling fine. This looks like putting a premium upon butchery and assassination.

STANLEY, the explorer, expresses the opinion that important steps will be taken this year towards building the railroad past the Congo cataracts 235 miles.

CHINA continues making preparations for war on the Korean frontier in view of Russian aggression. It is said that China and Japan are jointly acting for that purpose.

THE New York City Post-office handled during the year ending July 1st, 840,819,868 pieces of mail matter. The office receipts were \$4,340,934, and the expenses \$1,502,470.

THE rolling-mill strikers at Cleveland, O., last week attacked one of the mills, and were beaten off by a strong body of police, a number of persons on both sides of the conflict being badly hurt.

DISPATCHES from Russia state that the harvest prospects throughout the empire are the gloomiest experienced for many years, and that unless there is a general rain forthwith the whole crop will be lost.

THE Iowa Supreme Court has decided that a hotel-keeper who receives guests knowing that there is a contagious disease in his house is liable for damage to any guest who may contract the disease.

THE National Council of Education at Saratoga, last week, adopted a resolution recommending that the legal school age be from four to twenty-one years, and the obligatory school age from six to fourteen years.

THE important statement was last week made in the British House of Commons that the Government would not cease its military preparations until the arrangement about to be concluded with Russia was finally settled.

THE New York bankers, in their endeavor to avoid the payment of silver by the Treasury at the Clearing House in clearances, propose to give the Government £10,000,000 in gold coin in exchange for small silver or other currency.

THE buildings and plant of the late World's Exposition at New Orleans have been sold for \$175,000, the exact amount of its debts, to the new company, known as "The North, Central and South American Exposition," which will reopen the show in the Fall.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND has decided that the unfortunate *Dolphin* "cannot be accepted by the Secretary of the Navy; that no contract exists between Mr. John Roach and the Government, and that the large sum of money paid to him for the vessel may be recovered."

THE total value of the exports of domestic cotton from the United States for the year ending June 30th, was \$201,773,911, as against \$196,717,527 for the year previous. The value of our breadstuffs exports for last year was \$155,014,860 against \$155,507,907.

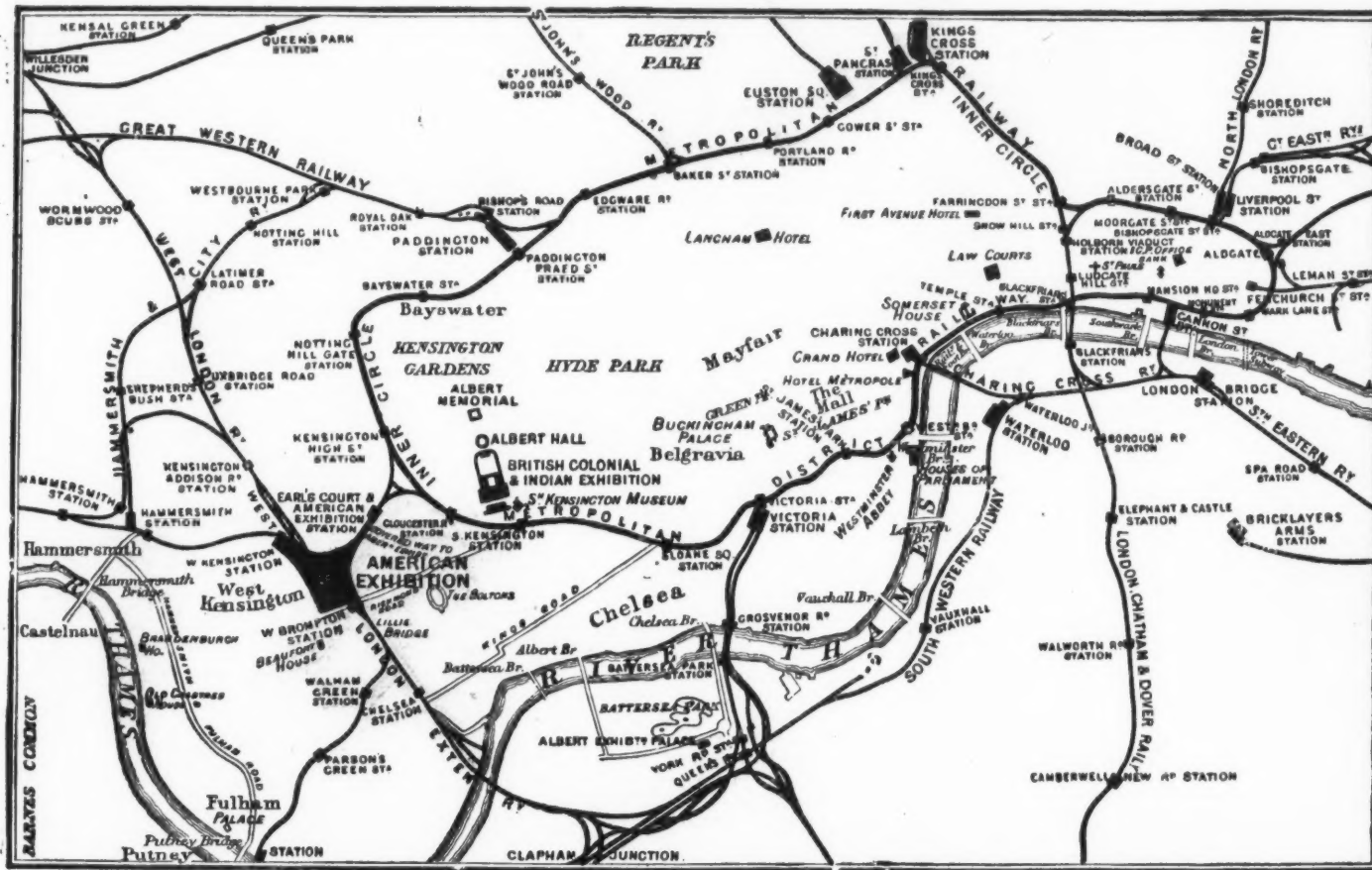
THE Mormons of Utah express great disappointment that the new Democratic Associate Justice has proved quite as severe as his Republican predecessor in dealing with prominent Mormons. He has just sentenced two prominent Mormons to six months imprisonment and \$300 fine for living in polygamous relations.

M. HENRI ROCHFORD's journal, *L'Intransigeant*, charges that the British Government deliberately allowed General Gordon to be slaughtered, when his safety could have been guaranteed by the payment of \$50,000. The charge is made in the form of a letter from Baron de Billings, through whom the Mahdi's offer is alleged to have been made.

JULES GARNIER has designed an elevated railway for the City of Paris, which is to be completed in time for the Exposition of 1889. *Science* says this will be about eighteen miles long, and will cost \$10,000,000. The structure will be composed of two tracks, one above the other, on an iron frame. The trains will be composed of three American cars each.

THE strike of lumbermen at East Saginaw and Bay City, in Michigan, last week, became so serious, and the strikers became so violent, that the militia was called out for the preservation of peace. Under military protection some of the mills have resumed operations, but the outlook is gloomy, and a long if not violent contest is in every way probable.

LAND COMMISSIONER SPARKS has rendered an important decision affirming the right of entry under the public land laws, and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States of lands heretofore withdrawn by the voluntary action of the General Land Office for railroad indemnity purposes where no requirements of law existed for making such withdrawals. The effect of this decision, if sustained by the Secretary of the Interior, will be to restore to entry under the Homestead and other laws many million acres of public land which have been kept out of the market for many years because claimed by railroad corporations.



RAILWAY MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON, SHOWING THE SITE OF THE FORTHCOMING AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

known and respected among a wide circle of friends, and where he has large interests. He has also resided for several years in Germany, France, Austria and Italy. He is an excellent linguist, and thoroughly master of French, German and Italian. For some years Mr. Whitley managed very successfully his father's engineering business. The firm were exhibitors on a large scale at the Paris Exposition in 1867, at Moscow in 1872, at Lyons in 1872, at Vienna in 1873, and at Paris in 1878, and obtained first-class awards. At the Paris Exposition in 1878, where he was himself a large exhibitor, Mr. Whitley's aptitude for affairs was recognized in the fullest manner by about fifty of the leading British and other exhibitors, who requested him to represent their interests at the Exposition. He acceded to this demand, and was instrumental in procuring for them large orders, and also in successfully demonstrating to the jury and the French Government their claims to some of the highest medals and distinctions. Mr. Whitley is said to be "a born organizer and administrator, combining in a rare degree a wonderful regard for detail with resistless energy and the faculty of persuading others to see things as he does. He judges character with rapid intuition; and his great and varied experience in the management of large bodies of men has given him a facility possessed by few persons for directing operations of magnitude; whilst his talent for unsparing hard work, and his cheery and genial manner have made him generally popular with those who have been brought into immediate relations with him. It may confidently be said that no enterprise could be inaugurated under more fortunate auspices than that which has secured, from the moment of inception in its present form, the painstaking and intelligent supervision of John Robinson Whitley."

The site chosen for the Exhibition is at Kensington, adjoining the Earl's Court and West Brompton Railway Stations, and belonging to the Metropolitan District Railway Company and the Midland Railway Company. The total superficial area is equal to that of the British Colonial and Indian Exhibition site, which will be held simultaneously, viz., about twenty-two acres. The American Exhibition will have its own railway station, and, as the site is surrounded by railways, and is by them placed in direct communication with the whole railway system of England, Scotland and Wales, visitors will be able to take tickets for the Exhibition from each station of nearly every railway company in Great Britain. The site is situated in the best part of London, and offers the further advantage of being in close proximity to the British Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and will afford visitors facilities for seeing both Exhibitions without going from under cover, millions of visitors will thus be spared much inconvenience. The American Exhibition will be in communication with the following railways: Great Eastern; Great Northern; Great Western; London, Brighton and South Coast; London, Chatham and Dover; London and North Western; London and South Western; London, Tilbury and Southend; Metropolitan; Metropolitan District; Midland; North London; South Eastern; West London. About ten millions of people reside within one hour of the proposed American Exhibition Sta-

and is not found, like the pine and fir, in forests of a uniform density. Consequently, many portions of the redwood territory contain little or none of the timber which grows most plentifully along the deep, moist ravines. The redwood forests were a wonder to the first immigrants, who had been accustomed to think a tree three feet in diameter a giant, and one twice that a fable, to be told in the same breath as one of Baron Munchausen's stories. When they found trees twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, with a trunk towering a hundred feet high without a limb, their stories were scarcely believed and tested the credulity of our Eastern friends, until overshadowed by the discoveries of their congener, the *Sequoia gigantea* of the Sierra Nevada. Notwithstanding the beauty of these lords of the forest, the settlers proceeded to chop them down with the same eagerness that they would shoot a seven-pronged buck or a stately elk, until one is about as scarce as the other. Marvelous stories are told of the amount of lumber obtained from one of these giants. One man in the vicinity of Saratoga built a house and barn and fenced in forty acres with high-rail fence from a single tree. It was common to split straight boards twelve feet long, a foot wide and a half-inch thick, which could easily be dressed into siding for a house. It was not uncommon to cut 75,000 feet of plank from one tree. Two hundred thousand shingles, or 'shakes,' were often made from one trunk. When a tree failed to split freely, it was left to be destroyed by fire, which were thoughtlessly kindled by nearly all who worked in the forests in early days, the victims of fire being as numerous as those of the ax. The annual 'cut' now amounts to about 50,000,000 feet of timber in the redwood forests of Santa Cruz alone."

#### OFFICIAL RECORDS OF THE REBELLION.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Cleveland Leader writes: "The publication of the official records of the War of the Rebellion is steadily going on, and the nineteenth volume has just been issued. When completed it is expected that the number of volumes will have reached eighty, and these will comprise the full official records of the Confederate and Union armies during the late war. It is not easy to comprehend the immensity of the work which the publication of these records entails. An average of thirty men are kept busy copying manuscript, reading proof and indexing from one year's end to the other, and at the present rate it is expected that they will publish five or six volumes a year. The work is done in a fine old mansion west of the White House, which has been used by the Government for years, and which is now wholly devoted to this work. The files of papers are brought here from the War Department in wheelbarrows and carefully searched, and the matter needed copied by pen. It takes about a peck of manuscript to make one volume of the official record. Each volume contains on an average 1,000 pages of printed matter, or about 3,000 pages of closely written foolscap. An ordinary foolscap page of the record sets up about 200 words, so that a volume would contain 600,000 words. And the whole publication will contain the immense amount of 48,000,000 words. Esti-

of the Union and the Confederate armies. It will, when it is completed, disclose many unknown facts of history, and will form the most valuable historical reference-book that has ever been published about any war or any period."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MADGE WRECKMAN, an American violinist, has given a series of concerts at Baden Baden. The German papers predict for her a great future.

POWDERED rice is said to have a great effect in stopping bleeding from fresh wounds. The rice powder is sprinkled upon lint, which is then applied as a compress.

Two hundred works which were in Gustave Doré's studio at the time of his death will shortly be sold at auction. They include two important pictures on "The Death of Orpheus" and "The Deluge."

An Italian ship has been sheathed with glass plates, cast like iron plates, so as to fit the hull, to take the place of copper sheathings. The joints of the plates are made water-tight by the use of waterproof mastic. The advantages claimed for glass over copper are its insensibility to oxidation and its exemption from incrustation.

SINCE the list of trees was published in the census forestry report, a new species of spruce, named after Professor Brewer, of Yale College, *Picea Breweriana*, has been discovered in the Siskiyou Mountains. It grows high up towards the timber line, attains a height of one hundred feet, has long drooping branchlets, like some Norway spruces, and is altogether distinct and striking in appearance.

For a quick filter the *Druggist Circular* recommends the employment of chamois skin, freed from thin pieces, cut to the desired size, washed in a weak solution of sal soda or any alkali to remove any grease, and thoroughly rinsed in cold water. By means of it tinctures, elixirs, syrups, and even mucilages are said to be filtered rapidly. If it is washed well after each time it is used, this filter will last a long time.

FROM an abstract given in the *Journal of the Chemical Society* it appears, as a result of various analyses, that the fallen leaves of maple contain four per cent. of valuable matter (soda, potash, lime, magnesia, phosphorus and sulphur compounds), and poplar and willow five per cent. or more, while various other leaves examined contained 2-2.3 per cent., and that consequently the three above-named constantly manure the surface soil beneath their branches.

It seems, according to M. S. Villalongue, that seismic disturbances may, somehow or other—probably by the liberation of gases from the earth—exercise a positive check upon the phylloxera. The case is mentioned of a vineyard near Malaga affected by this insect parasite and supposed to have been utterly ruined, which nevertheless broke into full leaf and displayed fresh vigor after the earthquakes which recently devastated the southern provinces of Spain.



## JOHN SARGENT WISE,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

JOHN S. WISE, who has just been nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Virginia, is a son of the distinguished Henry S. Wise, and was born December 25th, 1846. At the age of fifteen years he entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, where he remained until 1864, when the corps was ordered to join General Breckenridge of the Confederate Army for active service in the Shenandoah Valley. He participated with the Cadet Corps in the engagement at New Market, being severely wounded in the head early in the action. Soon after he received a commission as lieutenant in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, and was assigned to staff duty, which he continued to perform until the end of the war. In 1865 he entered the University of Virginia, and commenced the study of law. He here took the medal of the Washington Society for superiority in debate, and graduating in 1867, immediately began the practice of his profession, in which he soon acquired success and eminence. In 1874 he entered the political arena as the champion of W. C. Knight, Independent Democratic candidate for the State Senatorship in the Richmond District, and who claimed to have been elected but fraudulently counted out. By his action in this case he distinctly allied himself with the Liberal party, and



VIRGINIA.—CAPT. JOHN S. WISE, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

peculiarly the man for the Republican leadership in the present crisis of the party in the Old Dominion. The canvass promises to be one of great bitterness and excitement, and the issue will be awaited by the country at large with a good deal of interest. It is stated as a special element of Captain Wise's strength that, with the exception of General Mahone, there is no man in whom the colored voters have more confidence or for whose political preferment they would work with greater zeal.

## REV. DR. S. IRENEUS PRIME.

THE Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D. D., whose serious illness during the last week, awakened the solicitude of a multitude of friends in all parts of country, has long been recognized as one of the representative men of the Presbyterian Church. Coming from a distinguished ancestry, he was born at Balston, N. Y., on the 4th of November, 1812, and at the early age of thirteen years entered college, graduating at Williams, three years later, in 1829. From the first he manifested a wonderful aptitude in the languages, being able to read Latin at eight, and Hebrew at ten, years of age. Pursuing his theological studies, he was licensed to preach in 1833, and at once entered upon the active duties of the ministry at Balston Spa. Failing health compelled him, after a time, to seek prolonged rest, after which he again returned to the pulpit, this time at Mattewan, N. Y. Again his health failed. It now became apparent to the young and ambitious minister that other pursuits must be followed, were his health to be retained, and he turned his attention to literature.

In 1840 he first became connected with the New York Observer,

the religious journal which he has been so successful in building up and conducting, and with which his name will always remain identified. His special capabilities for the editorial chair soon became apparent, and he determined to devote his life to religious journalism. The Observer had then been published seventeen years. In April, 1845, Dr. Prime became its assistant-editor, and in 1858 he purchased the interest of Mr. Sidney E. Morse, and became its senior editor. That position he has filled for over forty-five years, with an interval of only two years, his habit being to furnish six columns of editorial matter for each issue of the paper. His "Irenæus" letters, commenced in 1837 and continued from week to week, have long been a leading feature of the Observer, and among old-fashioned people enjoyed a popularity which does not attach, perhaps, to any similar publication.

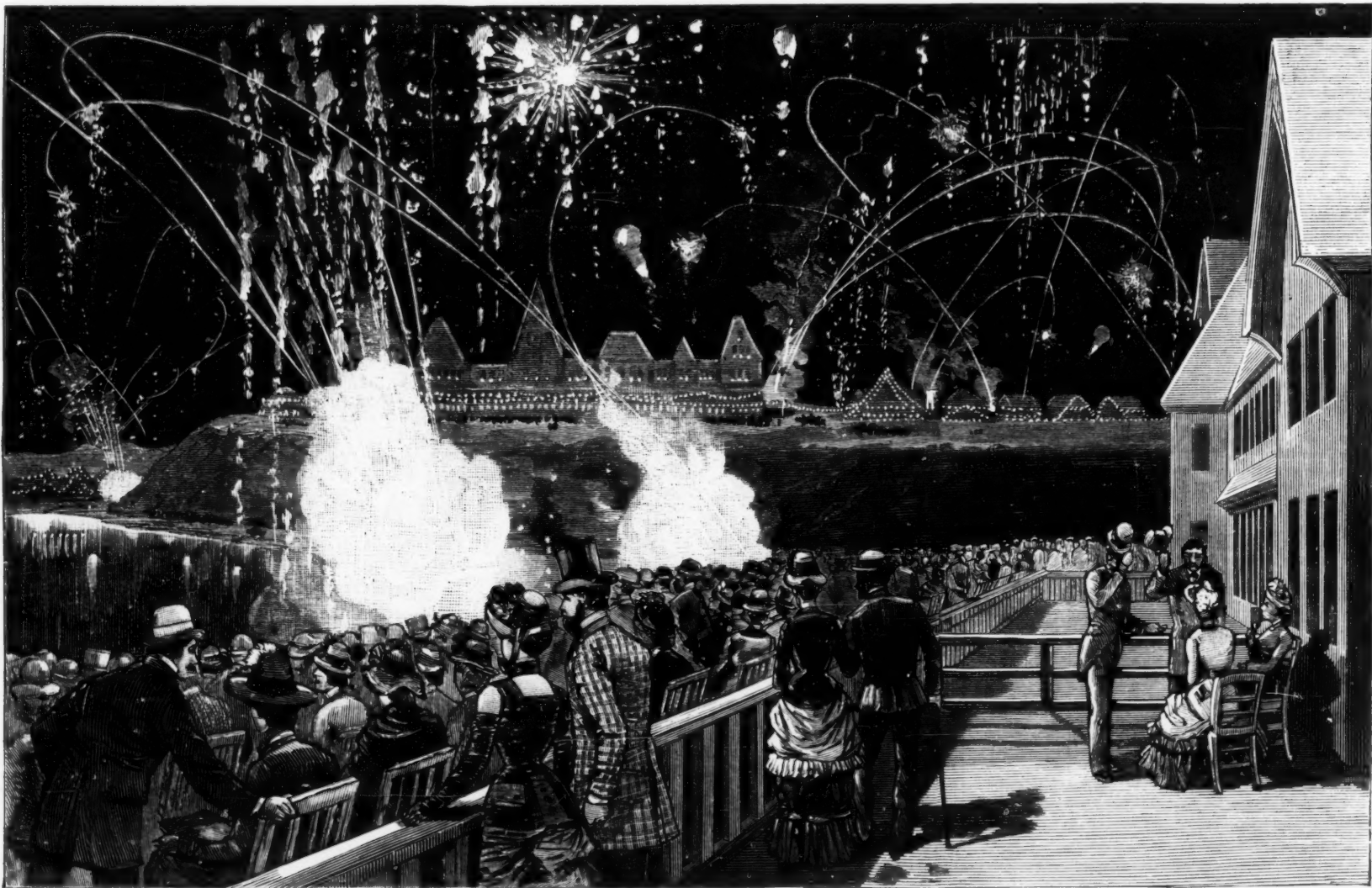
Notwithstanding the arduous labors of an editor, Dr. Prime has found time to write not less than forty volumes during his busy and eventful life; that which gained the widest circulation being his work on "The Power of Prayer." This volume was published in 1858, was translated into several languages, and reprinted in Europe, Asia and Africa. Of this book alone more than 175,000 copies were sold. He has also written numerous tracts, all of which have been attended with immense circulation. He has invariably taken a lively interest in ecclesiastical affairs, having frequently been a commissioner to the General Assembly, where his influence was always great. In the year 1883 he went, by appoint-



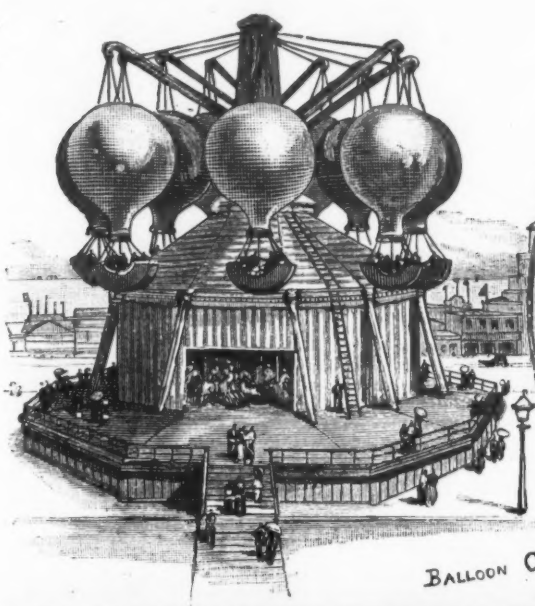
REV. SAMUEL IRENEUS PRIME, D.D.

from that time onward he has been conspicuous as a leader of the Readjuster-Republican party. In 1880, and again in 1882, he was a candidate for Congress, and his high ability as a debator, his aggressiveness as a campaign organizer and worker, and his great popularity with all classes of people, have now designated him as

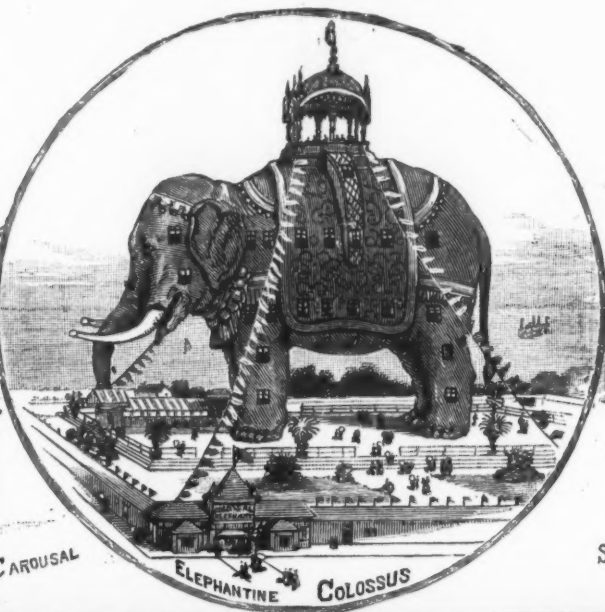
ment of the Assembly, as a delegate to the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, being the first occasion on which fraternal relations were enjoyed by the interchange of delegations. Among other distinguished positions, he has held those of Corresponding Secretary of the American Bible Society, of Vice

JOHN ROBINSON WHITLEY, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION, LONDON.  
SEE PAGE 370.MASSACHUSETTS.—ILLUMINATION OF NANTASKET BEACH, JULY 10TH—ROCKLAND HEIGHTS, AS SEEN FROM THE PIAZZA OF THE HOTEL NANTASKET.  
FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. REED.—SEE PAGE 374.





BALLOON CAROUSAL



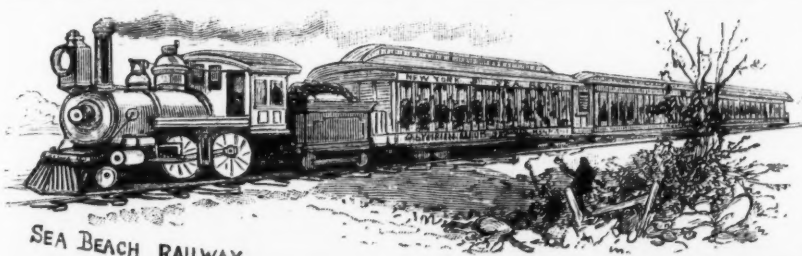
ELEPHANTINE COLOSSUS



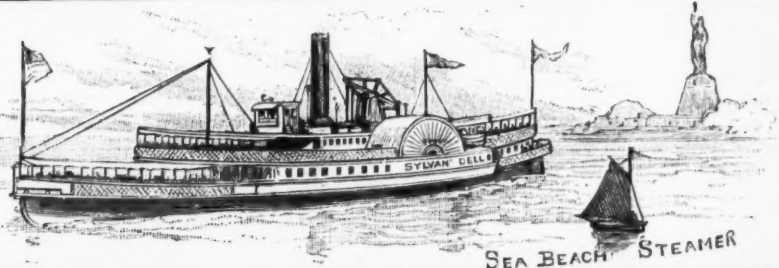
SEA BEACH PALACE



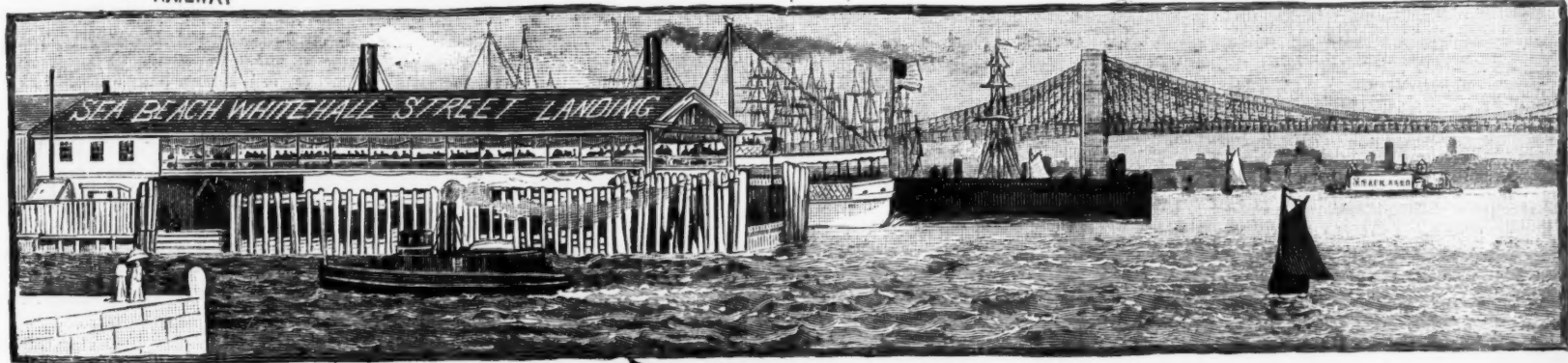
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#### ILLUMINATION OF NANTASKET BEACH.

NANTASKET BEACH, that very beautiful little peninsula jutting out into Massachusetts Bay, a few miles southeast of Boston, is annually the scene of a unique and beautiful fire-festival, or general illumination. It attracts thousands of spectators, and furnishes them with a spectacle not soon to be forgotten. Hotel-keepers, cottagers, and steamboat and railroad companies unite their contributions to fringe the beach with parti-colored flame. This year the event occurred on Friday evening, July 10th. Its success was brilliant. Everything passed off to the complete enjoyment of the cottagers and the hotel guests, as well as to the thousands of transient visitors who were present. The scene during the entire evening was entrancing, and the wisdom of having the display early in the season, rather than at the close, as had hitherto been the custom, was fully proven. The beach, from Hull to Nantasket, a distance of five miles, seemed ablaze. A slight shower had passed over early in the evening, leaving just enough of cloud and mist for a lurid effect. The hotels were illuminated at every window, and looked in the distance like gigantic glow-worms. The cottages were hung with Japanese lanterns, and the boats on the water displayed colored lights and let off roman candles. Long lines of asbestos bricks, saturated with kerosene, were laid along the beach, and set on fire. Bonfires blazed on every hill and sand-dune. As soon as full darkness came over the sky, the grand pyrotechnic display, on the sands in front of the Hotel Nantasket and the Rockland Café, began. Bombs bursting into myriads of golden drops, sparkled over the water; wheels whirled out showers of emerald fire, changing with kaleidoscopic rapidity to red and gold and crimson showers until they whirled out into nothingness. Batteries of brilliant stars flashed before the eyes of the delighted multitude, and then, as star after star fell into the ocean, splashes of spray would fly in the air, reflecting for an instant the beams of the electric lights. Broad bands of crimson reflected from Gun Rock, fires stretched across the intervening water, and the light from colored fires along the shore changed the dazzling surf to green and red, tinted the passing sails, brought out in striking silhouette the forms upon the beach, while through the clouds of rising smoke the cottages on Atlantic Hill, gleaming with lights innumerable, rose like fairy structures, wreathed and draped in mist. The display ended with the exhibition of a monster portrait of General Grant, drawn in lines of fire.

#### CONCERNING GRAY HAIR.

THE Medical and Surgical Reporter says: "Many persons begin to show gray hairs while they are yet in their twenties, and some while in premature decay of the constitution. It is a their teens. This does not by any means argue a purely local phenomenon, and may co-exist with unusual bodily vigor. The celebrated author and traveler, George Borrow, turned quite gray before he was thirty, but was an extraordinary swimmer and athlete at sixty-five. Many feeble persons, and others who have suffered extremely both mentally and physically, do not blanch a hair until past middle life; while others, without assignable cause, lose their capillary coloring matter rapidly when about forty years of age. Race has a marked influence. The traveler, Dr. Orbigny, says that in the many years he spent in South America he never saw a bald Indian, and scarcely ever a gray-haired one. The negroes turn more slowly than the whites. Yet we know a negress of pure blood, about thirty-five years old, who is quite gray. In this country sex appears to make little difference. Men and women grow gray about the same period of life. In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years, but there seems no general rule as to which whitens first. The spot where grayness begins differs with the individual. The philosopher Schopenhauer began to turn gray on the temples, and complacently framed a theory that this is an indication of vigorous mental activity. The correlation of gray hair, as well as its causes, deserves more attention and study than they have received. Such a change is undoubtedly indicative of some deep-seated physiological process, but what this is we can only ascertain by a much wider series of observations than have yet been submitted to scientific analysis.

#### CANDY.

It was in the form of white crystalline candy that sugar was introduced into Europe through China. Sugar was the name given to the Chinese candy. Its derivation, however, is from the Indian *shukar*—naturally enough, as through India it came into Europe. Candy is a more recent term, and has rent the philologists, who are divided between Candia, where the Spanish introduced work in sugar; the Arabic *candia*, the Indian *khand* and the Latin *candidum*. But after the industry was established in Europe and sugar-houses were built, its use was largely increased, in the form of medicine. It is amusing to read of the doctors' quarrels. Several physicians, under the leadership of Dr. Willis, in the seventeenth century, formed a society of anti-saccharites. Sugar, they said, makes hog's flesh tender, therefore it tends to decay. Taken into the human system, it makes the lungs spongy. To its use they attributed consumption, never before known, and now largely increasing. Another physician writes: "To drink diluted sugar—*leau sucré* of France—is as pernicious as to drink aquafortis."

Their opponents joyfully sung: "That which preserves apples and plums Will also preserve liver and lungs." Scoury was then the fashionable disease, as malaria is now, and sugar was the fashionable remedy. Theo. Sala, the Dutch-Italian physician, cured wounds with sugar. Semery, on the other hand, believed that sugar caused the vapors—in our day we would say, sulks. We know better; and that, on the contrary, neglect to bring home a box of chocolate creams or marrons-glaces has been known to bring on the vapors. But Slare was the great defender of sugar. In 1715 he wrote his "Vindication of Sugar," in which he unhesitatingly affirms that "to defraud infants of sugar is a very cruel thing, if not a crying shame." This

is true, and yet Slare awaits his monument! He also advises the use of sugar as tooth-powder. He relates numerous instances of wonderful cures through sugar.

But the evolution of candy beyond the medical point of view has been great. In England candy still has a medicinal flavor, but in France it has been carried to great perfection. French candy! Bon-bons! What visions of delight arise at the sound! The Genius of France, however, has been towards chocolate confections and candied fruits. Poor Sirandin obtained renown by his candied violets rather than by his plays.

But the highest development of candy proper has been reached in this country, and goes on from day to day. New candies arise like new fashions, and pale, and are heard of no more as newer candies appear. A well-known confectioner here, as another artist, composes his candies.

It is the brains we pay for, even in candy, and no public like the American public shows greater appreciation. Paris has nothing like a Broadway candy store, for Paris has no such candy. An American candy shop on the Boulevard des Capucines would electrify the town. Fancy the scene so familiar to our eyes! The crowd of well-dressed men and women thronging the counters, the smiling girls weighing out heaps of shining butters, Boston chips, the opera favors, the nougates, and chocolate concealing drops of jelly like hidden jewels; and, more than all, conceive of the line of men and women sipping from their long, slender spoons ice-cream soda with peach syrup!

#### THE PRINTING OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

For twelve years the contracts, under which postage-stamps have been made and supplied to the Government, have contained a specification that "the stamps must be printed on hand-roller presses." The specification had the effect of keeping out of competition parties who have facilities for doing the work just as well and even more cheaply on steam-presses. The contract, let four years ago, expires on June 30th. When it was made, owing to the clause mentioned, there was no competition, and there would have been none this year but for the Postmaster-general's decision to abrogate that specification. The cost of postage-stamps has been reduced from 25 cents per thousand stamps, twelve years ago, to 9.19 cents, the price paid under the present contract. The admission of steam-presses into competition will probably enable the department to make a great reduction even on this rate. The contract amounts to about \$200,000 per year. The Government of Germany, Russia and Sweden are using steam-presses in the manufacture of postage-stamps. The estimated amount of stamps to be used is based on the number issued during 1884, which was as follows: Ordinary cent stamps, 1,452,315,150; newspaper and periodical stamps, 2,463,385; postage due stamps, 12,949,270. It is also estimated that 5,000,000 of the new ten-cent special delivery stamps will be required next year.—*Paper World*.

#### THE GERMANS IN AFRICA.

The German colonization enterprises are faring badly on both sides of Africa. The new factories in Cameroons are constantly attacked by natives, and the Germans are intensifying the race hatred by shedding African blood freely and sometimes wantonly. Fights are of daily occurrence. The Germans always win, thanks to their superior skill and weapons, and great numbers of the natives have been slaughtered; but the native supply of reinforcements seems exhausted, and it is very doubtful if the Germans will ever succeed in establishing permanent settlements in the country. In Zanzibar there is an imminent prospect of heavy fighting between the Germans and the troops of the Sultan, Sayyid Burghash. The most serious feature is that England, as Zanzibar's protector, will be drawn into the quarrel, and that Anglo-German complications of the gravest character may be caused.

#### FUN.

A DIM religious light.—Dr. Burchard.

WHAT gives tone to Newport?—The belles.

THE extreme weariness of Summer is plaintively expressed by the yawning windows.

LEADING ACTRESS: "All Boston was in consternation when I broke my engagement and left." Her *Reel*: "But you didn't owe them all, I hope."

#### FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.

LET it be clearly understood that COMPOUND OXYGEN is only made and dispensed by DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who try it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover. Send for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. It will be mailed free.

If you call a man a gray dog, it will flatter him. Call him a pup, a hound or a cur, and he will proceed to demolish you. He don't mind being called a bull or a bear, and yet he will object to being mentioned as a calf or a cub. Kinder queer, isn't it?

#### Poor Fellows!

PROSTRATED, debilitated, enfeebled, they feel as if they were hardly worth picking up. They would hardly give the toss of a bright penny for a chance of a choice between life and death. But even such forlorn people can be renewed by the use of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It vitalizes the blood, tones the nerves, and renovates the system. Mr. Isaac C. Weed, Burr's Mills, O., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness, and it helped me greatly."

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm," So is many a youth cut down by the gnawing worm Consumption. But it can be made to release its hold and stop its gnawing. DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" will, if taken in time, effect permanent cures not only in consumption, but in all cases of chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases.

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AND keep it in a strong and healthy condition, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair, and restore the natural action upon which its growth depends.

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AND the disease itself are effectually remedied by the LIEBIG CO.'S COCA BEEF TONIC. Beware of imitations. "My patients derived marked and decided benefit from it," says Professor J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D., LL.D., Surgeon-in-Chief N. Y. State Hospitals, etc., etc. Invaluable in dyspepsia, biliousness, sleeplessness.

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#### WARNING!

HOW many people ruin their stomachs by swallowing cold drinks on a hot Summer day, when they could avoid all danger by adding ten drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS, besides imparting a delicious flavor to their Summer beverages.

"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Richter, "ring clear through heaven like a bell." One of the best deeds is to alleviate human sufferings. "Last Fall my daughter was in decline," says Mrs. Mary Hinson, of Montrose, Kansas, "and everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of Dr. R. V. PIERCE'S 'FAVORITE PAIN-EXPELLER,' and it cured her." Such facts as the above need no comment.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



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